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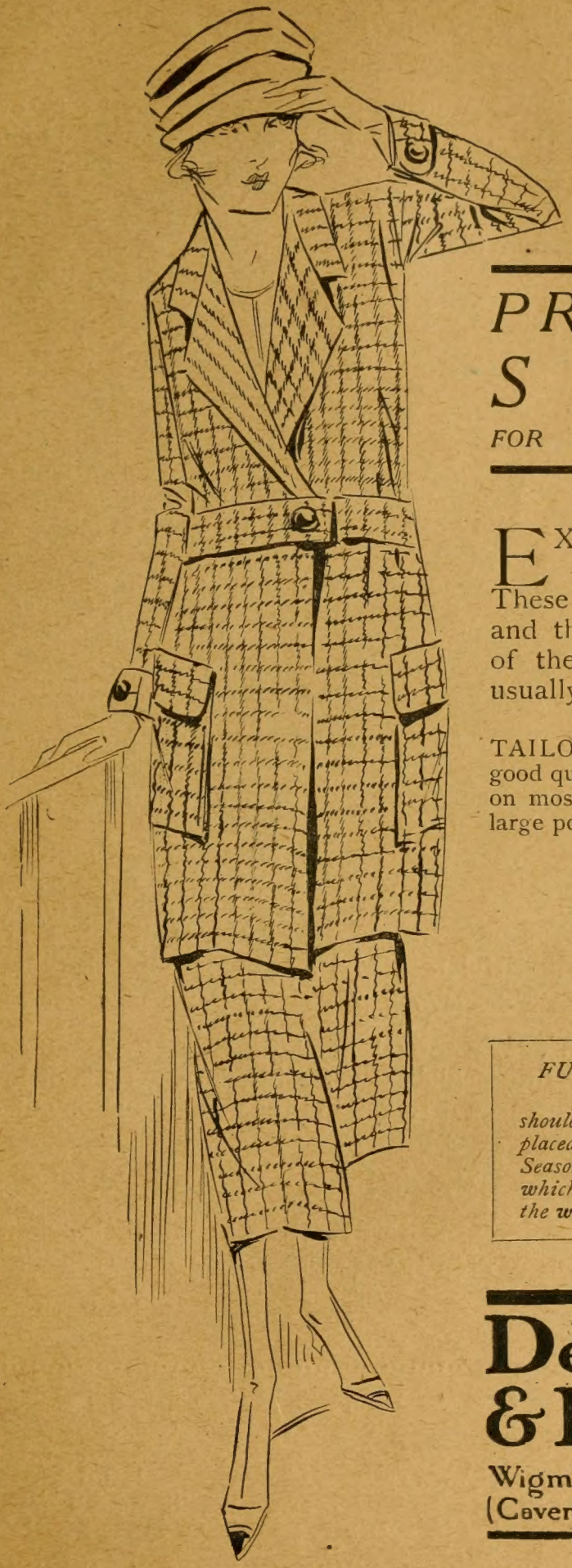

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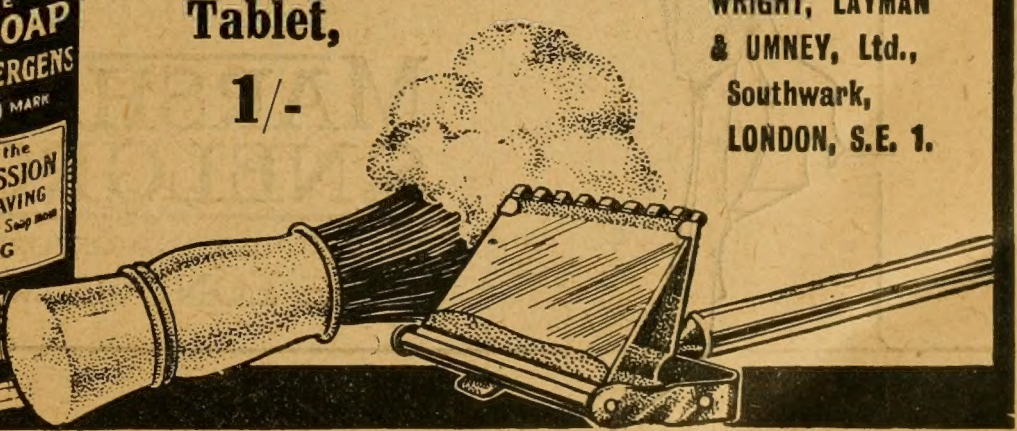

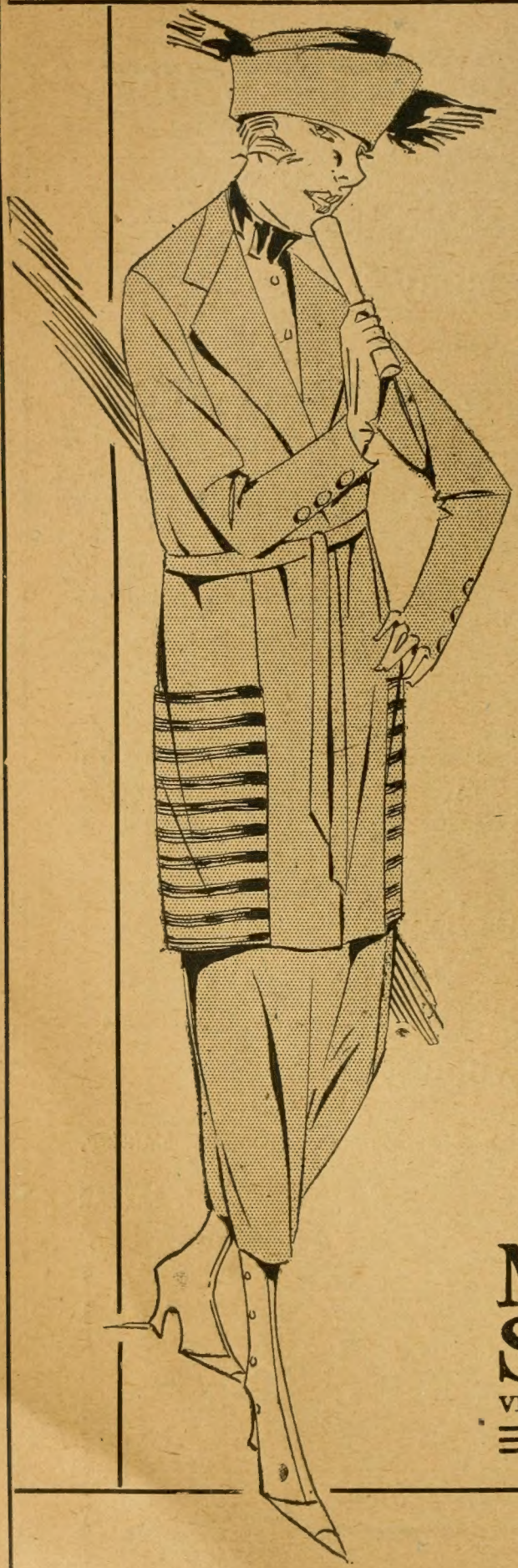

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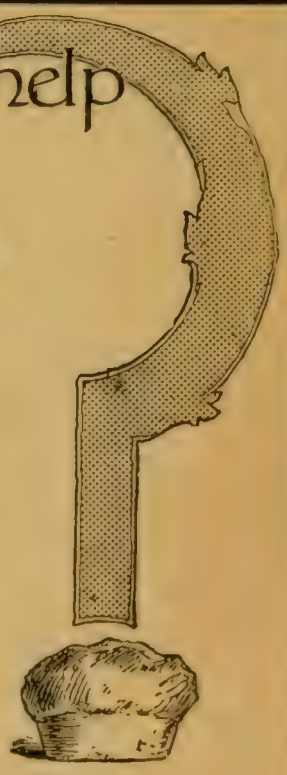

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A STUDY IN IMPERTINENCE.

By

H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

"The Interrupted Jazz"

To meet the many requests a reproduction of this Picture is now published in colour 17 ins. × 12 ins. at 1s.

FOR a time sheer impudence is amusing, then it becomes tiresome, even vulgar.

And the Government has become vulgar. "Economise! Economise!" it impudently cries, and every Bureaucrat chuckles under his breath.

"Produce! Produce!" shrills the bureaucratic chorus, "in order that we may enjoy rare and refreshing fruits.

"You are only providing us with a niggardly 2½ millions a day, and an ideal bureaucracy cannot be run in style on less than 4½ millions."

"It is a shell-shocked world," scolds the Minister of Metaphors. "It is a *shell-out*-shocked world," retorts the indignant Taxpayer.

* * * *

It is, of course, obvious even to the intelligence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the workers must keep the drones. The unproductive can only thrive at the expense of the productive. Hence the advice to you to work and save. Bureaucrats are expensive animals to keep. In commercial and business circles if a man earns £5,000 a year and spends £10,000 he is coarsely dubbed a thief, and eventually pays the penalty of obtaining money by false pretences. But your Bureaucrat in precisely similar position talks of patriotism and duty and censors criticism by bleating vaguely of Bolshevism.

It is rapidly becoming the duty of the patriotic citizen to live in demobilised hutments and live on rationed nuts. Should he at any time feel bored he may feed on the thoughts of the bureaucratic hotels, caviare and champagne.

* * * * *

The revolt will probably come when the Income Tax is 19s. 7d. in the pound, leaving the Taxpayer the odd 5d. with which to purchase a banana—the fruit of the Stranded.

Then new tribunals will be established, composed entirely of producers. They will demand answers on oath to simple questions. "Are you constructive of anything but restrictions?" "Do you produce anything politically but mixed metaphors?" "Are you an asset or a liability?" "If a liability, whom are you doing?"

If found a liability the wretched being should be conscripted at once for productive purposes, and the vision of a corpulent bureaucrat enriching the fields with more or less honest sweat would add to the much needed gaiety of the nation.

* * * * *

It is so dull to be always right. One loses the charm of the uncertainty of life. Sad to relate, over two years ago I was guilty of this forecast.

Evening Standard. April, 1917

"*At the present moment it is not too much to say that every business man stands aghast at a Bureaucracy conducting the business of the country in a manner which would bring any ordinary commercial enterprise to bankruptcy within a week.*"

I wrote a long series of articles on the financial position, but they were unheeded except by the few who called me unpatriotic or pro-German.

Life even in war time is occasionally amusing.

* * * * *

Apropos of clothes, if Governmental expenditure is not reduced by two millions a day in the immediate future, the following prices must necessarily be doubled. Lounge suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Overcoats from £10 10s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1919

Lucan

By Viktor Rydberg

(Rendered into English by Francis Arthur Judd)

NOTE.—Abraham Viktor Rydberg (1828-95) is undoubtedly the greatest Swedish writer of the nineteenth century. His versatility of authorship in the different spheres of poetry, theology, philosophy, art, history, and politics, and other humanitarian studies, gives him a unique position. His translation of Goethe's *Faust* is an unsurpassed achievement in the literary history of Sweden, and counted an immortal work. "No one who had the privilege of knowing Viktor Rydberg personally could fail to love him." So writes Professor Karl Warburg, his friend and biographer. "His refinement of soul made him a *deliciae amicorum*." His love of his mother, whom he lost at the age of six years, and his reverence for her religious teaching, give the keynote to his personality. When his greatest mythological work was ready, he sent down to the printing office to learn the name of the compositor, and sent him a friendly greeting of thanks—characteristic of his kindness and consideration towards all. A philosopher for whom he expressed positive aversion was Nietzsche. He would not allow himself to be persuaded into any polemics on Christology, "for fear," as he said, "of obscuring in some mind the highest of all ideals." Viktor Rydberg's grief and indignation at the progress of Industrialism roused him to write "Lucan," published in his second volume of poems in 1891.

It was received with unanimous praise. Count Carl Snoilsky, the uncrowned Poet-Laureate of Sweden, wrote: "'Pro Libertate,' the most beautiful word I know, I would place as a motto for your volume."

There was universal mourning at Viktor Rydberg's death in 1895.

Glorious it is to die for that which gives
Our life its glory; death were then no death,
But sport as grand as any Grecian game.
But thus to perish, tortured on the rack
By Nero's slaves, and earn the epitaph,
"A Nero's Friend!"—this adds to dying pangs
The sharper pang of self-inflicted shame,
Winning no comfort, though my anguish loose
The bands that bind at once my life and song.

He who has reached the bounds of Pluto's realm
Reviews the path of life with other eyes
Than when it lay before him. Great it were,
Thought I, to venture, and near Cæsar's throne
To sing the praise of Cato combating
For freedom and our fathers' commonwealth.
Freedom? A lie, that freedom! Cursèd yoke
Laid on the neck of slaves! A coward I,
Who durst not listen to my heart's behest.

Would I had raised a simple, artless cry,
Shouting my desperate song in thoroughfares
Unto the children of despair: "Up, slaves!
Up, brethren, do and die for Freedom's sake!
Up, heirs of Spartacus! There stand at stake
Your children's freedom and man's heritage!"
And though my wage of song had been a cross,
Glorious it were to die for that which gives
Our life its glory; Death had been a sport,
As keen as any Marathonic race.

Now—though in time with throes of clutching pain
And rhythm of muffled anguish—I can ope
The floodgates of my long-imprisoned hate,
My wrath and my disdain for all the filth
Accounted pure, my withering scorn of all
The world holds greatness, though that all is base.
Ay, death will pierce to silence this my song,
Soaring on wings of freedom newly found,
In its first flight, I know it: when my breast,
Which long has breathed the choking air of lies,

Rises and athlete-wise expanding sends
From my heart's stringèd lute, in glowing chords,
My bursting wrath against myself, who forced
The fetters on the genius of my song.

My sight grows dim, I scarce can utter more;
But list, ye singers that come after me!
Sing soothing lays to hearts that need a rest,
But place ye in the right hand of the Muse
A red-hot iron, wherewithal to brand
Shame in the flesh of everything that's base.
Such service of the executioner
Were very deed of love, by loving hands
Wrought on the sons of misery—wear they chains,
Or sit arrayed in senatorial robes,
Or crowned with Cæsar's princely diadem!
Let actors lilt it to their puny harps,
Singing of Lesbia, Chloris, Corydon;
A grander theme be thine! Let common folk
Hang on thy lips, and like the Nazarene
Proclaim the Kingdom where the last are first.
Unfold to eyes of slaves Astræa's realm;
Bid them build up a new, a righteous Rome
On ruins of a Rome degenerate.
Then, trustful as that Seer from Nazareth,
Receive thy wage in scoffing, want and death!

That man is slave, so said the Stoic sage,
Who cannot conquer both himself and fate.
Slave I have been! Too late I taste my freedom,
Breathing my soul out in this battle cry.
Forward, thou free-born bard! On, soldier, on!
Serve thou thy brother-men. Through want and pain
Forward—to die with joy upon thy shield!

In Answer to a Reproof

By Nancy Cunard

Let my impatience guide you now. I feel
You have not known that glorious discontent
That leads me on—the wandering after dreams
And the long chasing in the labyrinth
Of fancy, and the reckless flight of moods—
You *shall* not prison, shall not grammarise
My swift imagination, nor tie down
My laughing words, my serious words, old thoughts
I may have led you on with, baffling you
Into a pompous state of great confusion.
You have not seen the changing active birds
Nor heard the mocking voices of my thoughts;
Pedant-philosopher, I challenge you
Sometimes with jests, more often with real things,
And you have failed me. You have suffered too,
And struggled, wondering—The difference lies
In the old bulk of centuries, the way
You have been fashioned this or that, and I
Belong to neither, I the perfect stranger,
Outcast and outlaw from the rules of life,
True to one law alone, a personal logic
That will not blend with anything, nor bow
Down to the general rules; inflexible,
And knowing it from old experience;
So much for argument. My trouble is,
It seems that I have loved a star and tried
To touch it in its progress, tear it down
And own it, claimed a "master's privilege"
Over some matter that was element
And not an object that would fit the palm
Of a possessor, master-mind itself
And active—ardent of its liberty.

We work apart, alone; conflicting tides
Brim-filled with angers, violences, strife,
Each championing their own idealism,

Romanticism and sceptic cynicism. . . .
The last I leave you, for this present mood
(The name of which you have expounded so)
Has turned against you, bared insulting teeth
And snarled away its rage into the smile
Of old remembrance: "you were ever so,"
Exacting and difficult, in fact the star
That *will* not, cannot change for all the price
Of love or understanding—mark you, *now*
I have concluded we are justified
Each in his scheming; is this not a world
Proportioned large enough for enemies
Of our calibre? Shall we always meet
In endless conflict? I have realised
That I shall burn in my own hell alone
And solitarily escape from death,
That you will wander guideless, too, and dream
(Sometimes) of what I *mean*, the things unsaid,
Vacant discussions that have troubled you
And left me desperate as a day of rain—

Then we shall meet at cross-roads in wild hours
Agreeing over fundamental fates,
Calamities of a more general kind
Than our own geniuses have kindled up;
But at the fabulous Judgment-day, the End,
We shall be separate still, and you will find
That Destiny has posted you once more
Back in the sky—and I shall be on earth.

In Khaki*

By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

Medical Officer's Clerk

Let me forget these sordid histories,
These callous records of obscene disease,
This world of scabies and of syphilis
Wherein I drudge until my whole mind is
Besotted by the sodden atmosphere. . . .
Let me remember Venus, dawning clear
Through beryl seas of air, a crystal flame—
Glistening as from the cold salt wave she came—
Over the dark and serried hills of Wales
That glimmer ghostly as the daylight fails. . . .

Let me recall the singing and the shine
Of the clear amber waters of the Tyne,
Pouring from peaty uplands of black moss
Over grey boulders, while the salmon toss
Wet curving silver bodies in the light—
Tossing and tumbling in the frothing white
Tumultuous roaring weir. . . .
Let me again
In that huge clanking and eternal train
Over the prairies of Dakota go—
League after league of level stainless snow
Stretching unbroken under the low sky,
World without end to all eternity—
Until desire and dream and all delight
Drowse to oblivion in a timeless white
Unending wilderness. . . .
Or let me sail
Again up the blue Bosphorus within hail
Of many-fountained gardens of the rose
Breathing out balm on every air that blows,
And minarets that soar like lily-blooms
Above the shimmering white mushroom-domes
Of marble mosques in groves of cypresses. . . .

* Copyright in United States of America by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, October, 1919.

Till I remember no more histories
Of horror, or in the drudgery and fret
Of endless days no longer quite forget
The stars and singing waters and the snow
And how the roses of Arabia blow.

Sentry Go

True lad who shared the guard with me
That night of whirling snow,
What other nights have brought to you
I shall not know.

I never even heard your name,
And hardly saw your face;
Yet you poured out your heart to me
As we kept pace.

I don't know if you're living still,
Or fallen in the fight:
But in my heart your heart is safe
Till the last night.

Ritual Hymn to Apollo Lukeios

By Benvenuta Solomon

The white wolf through the whist wood goes,
And who shall dare to follow?
He hunts a prey none other knows—
Apollo, ai, Apollo!

By ways that wind 'neath shadowing boughs,
Through tangled brake and hollow,
The tireless chase no pause allows—
Apollo, ai, Apollo!

Blindly the panting quarry flies,
All sense by terror blunted.
And now a blood-red moon espies
The hunter and the hunted.

The destined hour is come at last
For these who flee and follow.—
My God! my God! thou hast me fast!
Io Paian, Apollo!

Thy fangs are bared above my breast,
Thine eye glows in its hollow.
Strike and destroy! This doom is best,
Lukeian lord, Apollo!

Why did I shun thy fierce pursuit,
Though fiercer was my yearning
To lie before thee, smiling, mute,
Victim on altar burning?

I know thee to my bitter dole.
Thee lacking all is hollow.
Thy gifts are tortures, yet my soul
Is glad of thee, Apollo!

Only in thee myself I find;
Thy word alone I follow,
Voice of thy voice, mind of thy mind,
Life of thy life, Apollo!

Heavy thy burden on my heart—
I would not ask it lighter:
Mine is the sad but glorious part
Of those who call thee Smiter.

And should'st thou turn from me to fly
My lot were then to follow;
The hunted thou, the hunter I—
Lukeios, ai, Apollo!

Ne'er shall the chase divine have end.
From hilltop, grove and hollow
The wild rapt cry shall still ascend—
Io Paian, Apollo!

Henri Gaudier*

The Story of a Low Tea-shop

By Ford Madox Hueffer

I

I DO not know why it is that, when I rehearse in my ear the cadences of some paragraphs which I wish to be allowed to write concerning our dear Gaudier, the rhythm suggesting itself to my mind should be one of sadness. For there was no one further from sadness than Henri Gaudier—whether in his being or his fate. He had youth, he had grace of person and of physique, he had a great sense of the comic. He had friendships, associates in his work, loves, the hardships that help youth. He had genius and he died a hero. Who could ask for more? Who could have better things?

He comes back to me best as he was at a function of which I remember most, except for Gaudier, disagreeable sensations, embarrassments. It was certainly an "affair," one of two, financed by a monstrously obese Neutral whom I much disliked. It was in late July, 1914. The Neutral was much concerned to get out of a country and a city which appeared to be in danger. Someone else—several someones were intensely anxious each to get money out of the monstrously fat, monstrously moneyed, disagreeably intelligent coward. And I was ordered to be there. You know, the dinner was a parade. I suppose that, even then, I was regarded as the "Grandfather of the Vorticists"—just as *my* grandfather was nicknamed the "Grandfather of the Pre-Raphaelites." Anyhow, it was a disagreeable occasion—evil passions, evil people, bad, flashy cooking in an underground haunt of pre-'14 smartness. Do you remember, Gringoire?

* *H. Gaudier-Brzeska*, 1891–1915. A Portfolio of Reproductions. Elephant folio. (London: The Ovid Press, 43 Belsize Park Gardens, N.W., 1919.) 15*s*.

And I hate to receive hospitality from a person whom I dislike: the food seems to go bad; there is anyhow a bad taste in the mouth, symbol of a disturbed liver. So the band played in the cave that the place was, and there were nasty foreign waiters, and it was late July, 1914. . . . There were also speeches; and one could not help knowing that the speeches were directed at the Neutral's breeches pockets. The Neutral leant monstrously sideways, devouring—devouring at once with gluttony and nonchalance. It talked about its motor-car, which apparently was at Liverpool or Southampton—somewhere where there were liners, quays, cordage, cranes—all ready to abandon a city which would be doomed should Armageddon become Armageddon. The speeches went on. . . .

Then Gaudier rose. It was suddenly like a silence that intervened during a distressing and reiterated noise. I do not know that I had ever noticed him before except as one amongst a crowd of dirty-ish, bearded, slouch-hatted individuals like conspirators; but, there, he seemed as if he stood amidst sunlight; as if indeed he floated in a ray of sunlight, like the Dove in Early Italian pictures. In a life during which I have known thousands of people, thousands and thousands of people, during which I have grown sick and tired of "people," so that I prefer the society of cabbages, goats, and the flower of the marrow plant, I have never otherwise known what it was to witness an appearance which symbolised so completely—aloofness. It was like the appearance of Apollo at a creditors' meeting. It was supernatural.

It was just that. One did not rub one's eyes: one was too astounded; only, something within one wondered what the devil he was doing there. If he hadn't seemed so extraordinarily efficient, one would have thought he had strayed from another age, from another world, from some Hesperides. One keeps wanting to say that he was Greek, but he wasn't: he wasn't of a type that strayed; and indeed I seem to feel his poor bones moving in the August dust of Neuville St. Vaast when I—though even only nearly!—apply to him a name that he would have hated. At any rate, it was amazing to see him there, since he seemed so entirely inspired by inward visions that one wondered what he could be after—certainly not the bad dinner, the attentions of the

foreign waiters, a tug at the Neutral's money-bag strings. No, he spoke as if his eyes were fixed on a point within himself; and yet with such humour and such good humour—as if he found the whole thing so comic!

One is glad of the comic in his career; it would otherwise have been too much an incident of the Elgin Marbles type. But even the heroism of his first, abortive "joining-up" was heroico-comic. As I heard him tell the story, or at least as I remember it, it was like this:

He had gone to France in the early days of the war—and one accepted his having gone as one accepted the closing of a door—of a tomb, if you like. Then, suddenly, he was once more there. It produced a queer effect; it was a little bewildering in a bewildering world. But it became comic. He had gone to Boulogne and presented himself to the recruiting officer—a N.C.O., or captain, of the old school, white moustachios, *cheveux en brosse*. Gaudier stated that he had left France without having performed his military duties, but, since la patrie was en danger, he had returned like any other good little piou-piou. But the sergeant, martinet-wise, as became a veteran of 1870, struck the table with his fist and exclaimed: "Non, mon ami, it is not la patrie, but you who are in danger. You are a deserter; you will be shot." So Gaudier was conducted to a motor-car, in which, under the military escort of two files of men, a sergeant, a corporal, and a lieutenant, he was whirled off to Calais. In Calais town he was placed in an empty room. Outside the door were stationed two men with large guns, and Gaudier was told that if he opened the door the guns would go off. That was his phrase. He did not open the door. He spent several hours reflecting that, though they manage these things better in France, they don't manage them so *damn* well. At the end of that time he pushed aside the window blind and looked out. The room was on the ground floor; there were no bars. Gaudier opened the window, stepped into the street—just like that—and walked back to Boulogne.

He returned to London.

He was drawn back again to France by the opening of the bombardment of Reims Cathedral. This time he had a safe-conduct from the Embassy. I do not know the date of his second joining up or the number of his regiment. At

any rate, he took part in an attack on a Prussian outpost on Michaelmas Eve, so he had not much delayed, and his regiment was rendered illustrious, though it cannot have given him a deuce of a lot of training. He did not need it. He was as hard as nails and as intelligent as the devil. He was used to forging and grinding his own chisels; he was inured to the hardships of poverty in great cities; he was accustomed to hammer and chisel at his marble for hours and hours of day after day. He was a "fit" townsman—and it was "fit" townsmen who conducted the fighting of 1914 when the war was won: it was les parigots.

II

Of his biography I have always had only the haziest of notions. I know that he was the son of a Meridional craftsman, a carpenter and joiner, who was a good workman, and no man could have a better origin. His father was called Joseph Gaudier—so why he called himself B'jesker I do not know. I prefer really to be hazy; because Gaudier will always remain for me something supernatural. He was for me a "message" at a difficult time of life. His death and the death at the same time of another boy—but quite a commonplace, nice boy—made a rather difficult way quite plain to me.

A message! I will explain.

All my life I have been very much influenced by a Chinese proverb—to the effect that it would be hypocrisy to seek for the person of the Sacred Emperor in a low tea-house. It is a bad proverb, because it is so wise and so enervating. It has "ruined my career."

When, for instance, I founded this REVIEW, losing, for me, immense sums of money on it, or when the contributors unanimously proclaimed that I had not paid them for their contributions—which was not true, because they certainly had between them over £4,800 of my money in their pockets—or when a Suffrage Bill failed to pass in the Commons, or when someone's really good book has not been well reviewed; or when I have been robbed, misquoted, slandered or blackmailed, I have always just shrugged my shoulders and murmured that it would be hypocrisy to seek for the person of the Sacred Emperor in a low tea-shop.

That meant that it would be hypocrisy to expect a taste for the Finer Letters in a large public; discernment in critics; honesty in æsthetes or literati; public spirit in lawgivers; accuracy in pundits; gratitude in those one has saved from beggary, and so on.

So, when I first noticed Henry Gaudier—which was in an underground restaurant, the worst type of thieves' kitchen—those words rose to my lips. I did not, you understand, believe that he could exist and be so wise, so old, so gentle, so humorous, such a genius. I did not really believe that he had shaved, washed, assumed garments that fitted his great personal beauty.

For he had great personal beauty. If you looked at him casually, you imagined that you were looking at one of those dock-rats of the Marseilles quays, who will carry your baggage for you, pimp for you, garotte you and throw your body overboard—but who will do it all with an air, an ease, an exquisiteness of manners! They have, you see, the traditions and inherited knowledges of such ancient nations in Marseilles—of Etruscans, Phœnicians, Colonial Greeks, Late Romans, Troubadours, Late French—and that of those who first sang the "Marseillaise"! And many of them, whilst they are young, have the amazing beauty that Gaudier had. Later, absinthe spoils it—but for the time they are like Arlésiennes.

All those wisdoms, then, looked out of the eyes of Gaudier—and God only knows to what he threw back—to Etruscans or Phœnicians, no doubt, certainly not to the Greeks who colonised Marseilles or the Late Romans who succeeded them. He seemed, then, to have those wisdoms behind his eyes somewhere. And he had, certainly, an astounding erudition.

I don't know where he picked it up—but his conversation was overwhelming—and his little history of sculpture by itself will give you more flashes of inspiration than you will ever, otherwise, gather from the whole of your life. His sculpture itself affected men just as he did. In odd places—the sitting-rooms of untidy and eccentric poets with no particular merits—in appalling exhibitions, in nasty night clubs, in dirty restaurants, one would be stopped for a moment, in the course of a sentence, by the glimpse of a brutal chunk of rock that seemed to have lately fallen unwanted from a

slate quarry, or, in the alternative, by a little piece of marble that seemed to have the tightened softness of the haunches of a fawn—of some young creature of the underwoods, an ancient, shyly-peopled thicket.

The brutalities would be the work of Mr. Epstein—the others, Gaudier. For Gaudier's work had just his own personal, impossible quality. And one didn't pay much attention to it simply because one did not believe in it. It was too good to be true. Remembering the extraordinary rush that the season of 1914 was, it appears a miserable tragedy, but it is not astonishing, that one's subliminal mind should whisper to one, every time one caught that glimpse of a line: "*It is hypocrisy to search for the person of the Sacred Emperor in a low tea-house.*" It was, of course, the Devil who whispered that. So I never got the sensation I might have got from that line. Because one did not believe in that line. One thought: "It is just the angle at which one's chair in the restaurant presents to one an accidental surface of one of these young men's larks."

And then, suddenly, one day, there was no doubt about it. Gaudier was a lance-corporal in the 4th Section, VII Coy., 129th Regt. of Infantry of the Line.* Gaudier was given his three stripes for "gallantry in face of the enemy." One read in a letter:

"I am at rest for three weeks in a village; that is, I am undergoing a course of study to be promoted officer when necessary during an offensive."

Or in another letter:

"Imagine a dull dawn, two lines of trenches, and, in between, explosion on explosion with clouds of black and yellow smoke, a ceaseless noise from the rifles, a few legs and heads flying, and me standing up among all this like Mephisto—commanding: 'Feu par salve à 250 mètres—joue—feu!'

"To-day is magnificent, a fresh wind, clear sun, and larks singing cheerfully. . . ."

That was it!

But just because it was so commonplace, so sordid, so within the scope of all our experiences, powers of observation and recording, it still seemed impossible to believe that in *that* particular low tea-house, there were really Youth,

* The knowledgeable reader will observe that here the writer has consulted the monograph on Gaudier by Mr. Pound—the best piece of craftsmanship that Mr. Pound has put together; or, at least, the best that this writer has read of that author's.

Beauty, Erudition, Fortune, Genius—to believe in the existence of a Gaudier. The Devil still whispered: "That would be hypocrisy!" For if you wouldn't believe that genius could show itself during the season of 1914, how *could* you believe that, of itself, inscrutably, noiselessly, it would go out of our discreditable world, where the literati and the æsthetes were sweating harder than they ever did after *le mot juste*, or the line of beauty, to find excuses that should keep them from the trenches—that, so quietly, the greatest genius of them all would go into that world of misery. For indeed that was a world of misery.

And then I read:

"*Mort pour la Patrie.*

"After ten months of fighting, and two promotions for gallantry on the field, Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, in a charge at Neuville St. Vaast, June 5th, 1915."

Alas! when it was too late I had learned that, to this low tea-shop that the world is, from time to time the Sacred Emperor may pay visits.

III

For the effect of reading that announcement—and another announcement that told, almost on the same day, of the death of the other nice, conmonplace boy—was to make me remember with extraordinary vividness a whole crowd of drawings, of outlines, of tense and delicate lines that, in the low tea-house of the year before's season, I had just glimpsed at. The Sacred Emperor, then, had been there. He seemed, by then, to be an extraordinarily real figure—as real as Mr. Epstein's brutal chunks of granite. Only one hadn't seen him because of the crowd of blackmailers, sneak-thieves, suborners, pimps, reviewers, and the commonplace. Well, it became—and it still more remains!—one's duty to kill them. There are probably several Sacred Emperors still at large, though the best of them will, in duty bound, have been killed.

There remains, then, the portfolio of reproductions published by the Ovid Press, whose address I have given in a footnote at the beginning of this article. It is a small enough aftermath. But I wish that those who are of good

will—those who want to see Sacred Emperors—would buy a few of these portfolios and present them to public libraries. It is not such a hell of a lot to do. There is a good deal of lip-service to France going about in these islands—and some, but not so much, homage to the Arts. Well, the Ovid Press is a good undertaking for those to aid who prostrate themselves before the altars of the Arts, and Gaudier, with his beauty of personality, his quietude, his erudition, his high conscience, and his sense of the comic, was the fine flower of France. One wishes then that, in this little way and to this small extent, the usually indifferent would bestir themselves just to that extent out of gratitude for all that France and all that the High Arts have done for them. In that case the Ovid Press could give us more portfolios of Gaudier's drawings, and it would be a good thing if every outline—of a wolf, a bear, a cat, an absinthe drinker, or a poet—that he made could be visible in every public library of this country. One wishes that it could—but one doesn't much hope that it will—happen. For still, if it isn't hypocrisy, it is a very wearisome quest—to search for the person of the Sacred Emperor in a low tea-house.

Values

By Mark Stonor

HAVING sold my basement (and beetled) house for £600 premium, plus a couple of old sofas for £35 apiece, I took a long-deferred decision and set off on a holiday, at the last minute buying a first-class ticket. I paid the money reluctantly enough, but the train was crowded, and soon all regrets vanished when I found myself comfortably seated in a corner seat alone with a man who, without distinguishable signs, yet visibly reflected the possession of wealth.

It was not his clothes, though they were neat and well-ironed; he wore no rings, no tie-pin; spats, I reflected, were cheap enough. No, his wealth seemed to lie in his easy way of feeling in his pockets, in a certain detachment from the ordinary citizen's anxieties, which showed itself in the precise way he unfolded his paper and puffed at a long cigar.

He took no notice of me, and clearly had no intention of breaking the unwritten law of insular railway-travelling, and just as the train was starting a strange man jumped into the carriage and sat opposite to me.

I say strange, because he wore a beard and was still young. Tall, graceful, with a face like a white-skinned Arab, or a Polish Jew without a nose—what is generally styled a "Christ" face—he was in a peculiar sense impressive. Not important, impressive. He wore a rough tweed, finely woven, a yellow tie and soft collar. His eyes were large, blue, rather sad. Auburn hair sprouted all over his face. A straight nose. In a large American or cowboy hat he interested me at once, and presumably he noticed that, for in a slow, throaty voice, he drawled out unconcernedly: "I say, Hell, don't you?"

"Well," I retorted, "that depends where you are going to. I'm going North."

But for a while he made no answer, busying himself with throwing bags (of which he had four), sticks, and little parcels into the rack and on to the opposite seat.

"Got a light?" he remarked suddenly, having filled a huge pipe, and I naturally reacted. But the match went out, and so did the second one; whereat I suppose I looked anxious, for my companion peered into the box, and, saying, in an offhand fashion, "There aren't too many," he pulled out a Bradbury, folded it, and, setting it alight with a match, proceeded to complete the operation successfully. I stared stupidly and, as one does in perplexity, I glanced at the man in the far corner who emanated wealth, but he showed no concern whatever.

"Bit expensive, that dodge, isn't it?" I put in by way of encouragement.

"Gosh! No. Try it, next time," drawled back the strange man. "It's only paper, you know, and you've only half-a-dozen matches."

At this, the man in the far corner perceptibly stirred. I almost fancy he smiled. But *The Times* proved absorbing enough to keep his features immobile.

I confess I was puzzled—puzzled with the erratic traveller opposite to me, annoyed with the imperturbable gentleman in the far corner.

"Money's no good, then?" I said after a pause, determined to draw out my companion. "I see you are a political economist."

"There is no such person," he remarked acidly. "Money isn't politics."

I grinned, for I thought I had him there. "No, but it isn't politic to waste money."

"Who's wasting money?"

"You did," I retorted firmly. "It cost you twenty bob to light that pipe."

"Well!"

"Well! Are you so mighty a profiteer that . . ."

"Beg pardon, sir. I fancy you are mistaken," my companion interrupted; "that paper is worth about 4*s.* 8*d.* Now, I pay 3*s.* in the £ taxes. Leaves me with 1*s.* 8*d.* I breakfast, lunch, and dine for 10*s.* a day, so that I'm 8*s.* 4*d.* down on that. Rent reduces that to 9*s.* 4*d.* down. Then there is—life: say, 11*s.* 4*d.* down. Clothes, 12*s.* 4*d.*; theatres, music, pleasure—13*s.* 4*d.* Wife and children—5s.; that is, 18*s.* 4*d.* down. I start with 4*s.* 8*d.* See! I end the day 18*s.* 4*d.* down. Makes me daily 18*s.* 4*d.* in

debt. Your Bradbury leaves me cold. See! Give me another match."

"Willingly," I replied, anxious to see what he would do after so singular a speech.

Pulling out and rolling up another Bradbury, he lit it and relighted his pipe.

"Must save matches, you know," my companion blurted out with comic emphasis, crossing his legs and pitching his wideawake hat to the back of his head, while I eyed him eagerly, for I felt doubtful as to his sanity.

"Ask that old cock!" the stranger said, jauntily indicating the man in the corner, but, to my surprise, the placid gentleman in the corner merely raised an eyebrow. "I rarely argue," he said in a quiet, censorious tone. "Every man can waste his own money if he likes," and, having so spoken, he leant back and looked at us pleasantly, as if expecting an answer.

But none came, and so we alternatively stared at one another and then, to my unspeakable joy, I noticed that the wealthy man's cigar had gone out.

Presently he noticed it, too, for he fumbled in his pockets, looked out of the window, felt again in this and that pocket, and at last turned towards me with a beaming politeness:

"I'm afraid I havn't a match either. Might I borrow . . ."

At once I held out my box, which my friend carefully scrutinised. "We haven't too many matches, I see. I must be careful."

Thereupon he pulled up the window and made elaborate preparations not to waste the match.

"Try paper," suddenly sung out the strange man, and with that he handed the wealthy man a couple of neatly-folded Bradburys. The rich man smiled, hesitated, held up a hand in deprecation, shook his head, struck a match, which went out.

"I told you so," my opposite threw in. "Light the bloody paper and have done with it." But again the wealthy man refused and held out the flat of his hand and smiled benevolently.

"If I must burn money, I'll burn my own," he said, and the joke apparently pleased him, so much so that the head

of the next match came off, and when he struck another it broke off so near the edge that it burnt his fingers, forcing him to drop it.

"Well, you needn't set the carriage on fire," said the projector of Bradburys, and, bending down, he managed to set alight the folded notes, with a slight bow holding the burning paper to the end of the rich man's cigar.

"Without prejudice, sir. Without prejudice." So saying, the man in the corner lit his weed.

"They say conviction justifies the man," he went on. "Let us hope, in your case . . ."

"The man justifies his conviction. Nothing else matters," threw back the tweed-coated man. "Look here, don't let us talk politics."

"I was thinking about economics."

"Not at all. You were thinking I was a fool."

"Perhaps."

"Undeniably, but you accepted service."

"Rendered. Yes, I did."

"Then return it. My pipe is out now. Will you kindly oblige?"

I was now delighted. Here was a conjuncture of thrilling interest, or was it a new form of the three-card trick? The man in the corner evidently thought so. For a full sixty seconds he was nonplussed. Gradually he recovered; he had thought of something.

"Take *The Times*," he said. "It's cheaper," and with that he handed across his newspaper Oddly enough, I had not thought of that, yet now it seemed almost painfully obvious. The sane man had scored absolutely. What could the erratic man answer? The incident was closed. I too took up the clue :—

"I can offer you a couple of papers. There! Light these!" Secretly, I thought this would obliterate the bearded gent, whom I had now definitely earmarked as a semi-lunatic.

"You will find *The Times* quite sufficient," continued the wealthy man, who in turn was enjoying the scene and seemed to relish his practical expedient of crushing the extravagant traveller. "At least, you will find it cheaper than wasting Bradburys."

But the odd man remained imperturbable. With in-

corrigible coolness, he smiled blandly, accepting the proffered newspaper with mock gratitude.

"It may be," he began, "that a Bradbury is more expensive than *The Times*, but it is a question of relativeness. The paper might interest or amuse someone, a Bradbury is only useful as cash, but as cash is dependent upon credit, and credit is a Government monopoly, liable to the vicissitudes of fashion, to-day I assure you that the exact difference in value is rather the cost of the watermark than the intrinsic value of the paper sovereign. But this is trifling—a matter of opinion. Personally, I reckon the watermark the cheaper, being a parson, who, by the way, does not preach, but at least is paid a wage that no gentleman can live upon unless he is independent, as they say, which fortunately I am, having been a financier as well as a parson at odd moments of my time."

How he would have continued I cannot say, but we were slowing down and presently ran into a station. For a moment the conversation lapsed, we crowding to the window to exclude any would-be entrant. But we were not successful, for at the last second a fat man broke into the carriage, stumbling over my feet and perspiring profusely. We instinctively disliked him. He looked so leathery and peppery he might have been a Hun—a German, I suppose we ought to say now—and, glaring round, he excited our displeasure acutely by blowing and panting like a man who has run a long way.

However, the train soon started, whereupon the newcomer began to fidget.

"Damn!" he said. "I've left my matches behind."

The words thrilled me. Was this a coincidence, or was it a plot? To my unspeakable joy, the incorrigible lunatic gravely bent over and presented the newcomer with his newspaper.

"Try this," he said urbanely; "or would you prefer a Bradbury?" And so saying he pulled out and tendered another note.

For a moment the newcomer seemed staggered.

"Rot!" he ejaculated, gazing about and at our friend in the far corner, who, to my surprise, seemed to enjoy the joke and promptly handed him the rest of the newspapers.

"Better take these," he said quietly.

The newcomer now seemed fairly nettled. He looked at us in turn viciously. Then, with a quick motion which I had not given him credit for, he snatched at the papers and whisked them out of the window.

"A joke is a joke," he shouted. "But two can play it."

All three of us saw the absurdity of the position telepathically, as it were. We could not help it, we laughed. We sat back and laughed. Even the sedate and wealthy man laughed so much he could not speak, and presently the stranger began to join in.

How long we should all have laughed must be left to conjecture, for suddenly the stranger seized the box of matches I held loosely in my hand, struck a light, and deliberately set fire to the Bradbury, at the flames of which he gravely lighted a cigarette.

"Much obliged," he said. "No offence, I hope."

The peculiar parson lifted his large hat.

"Brother," he said, "my pipe is out too. Can you oblige?"

And to our vast merriment the newcomer did oblige, pulling out a Bradbury and handing it facetiously to the parson.

But wonders never cease. At that moment, my friend in the corner intervened with a Bradbury.

"Try mine," he said affably.

I felt I could not be outdone. I too fingered in my pocket and the parson gravely took my paper, folding the three Bradburys into one long spill.

"We will light up all round," he remarked.

We did, and this set us all laughing again, foolishly, almost hysterically, and so long did we continue to laugh and sputter incoherent words that one by one our smokes went out, and the first to notice this now serious dilemma, for there was only one match left, was the parson: who notified the fact with a long plaintive whistle.

"Hold hard!" he said. "Only one match left and a two-hours' run in front of us. Here we have the definition of wealth."

The leathery-looking man stopped short and fumbled in his pocket.

"Here's a pink 'un," he remarked. "It's 10*s*. cheaper anyhow."

The parson folded it; fitted it to one of his own Bradburys and held out his hand.

"The New Order is co-operative, gentlemen. Will you contribute?"

I did, though inwardly much vexed with my rashness, but the impeccable gentleman shook his head.

"I think we've paid for our joke," he said; but the parson insisted.

"It's only credit, sir, and unfunded at that."

"Well, it's worth 9*s*. 8*d*."

"You anticipate the Budget. Now we want to secure our smoke. Come!"

The man in the corner pulled out a fresh cigar, pierced it, smiled, and relented.

"I'll pay," he remarked, and with that he handed over his Bradbury, which the parson deftly fixed on to the others.

"And now for the one remaining match."

With meticulous care the parson took the box and struck: once, twice. At the third endeavour the head came off.

"Embargoes!" he said abstractedly, just loud enough for us to hear, at the same time throwing the Bradbury spill out of the window.

"Now we're done."

We did not laugh, we all yelled; but gradually we subsided one by one. For a while we all stared hopelessly at the philosophic countenance of the parson, who sat back with his eyes closed, as if in meditation.

We no longer laughed. At length the peppery man broke the silence:

"That's cost me 30*s*., anyway. However, we've had a laugh." And thereupon he settled himself down, folded his arms, and closed his eyes.

I glanced at the far corner, but the possessive man was gazing out of the window, and so we sat for about half an hour, the parson apparently sound asleep, and then the man in the corner seemed to doze, and I fancy I fell asleep too.

I awoke suddenly, as one does in a railway carriage, and instinctively noticed that the others were asleep, and then I glanced at the parson.

I gazed in stupefaction. He was leaning back with his eyes closed, and in his mouth was an enormous lighted cigar.

After a few moments' contemplation, I could no longer contain my curiosity, and, bending forward, I tapped him on the leg, whereat his big eyes opened, like a trap.

"You . . . you did not light that with a Bradbury?" I said.

The parson seemed quite disturbed.

"Certainly, I did. Took the bulb off that electric reading lamp. Quite simple. Try it."

I did—with one of his obliging Bradburys.

But our movements awoke the other passengers.

"Eh? What? So that's the game, is it?" ejaculated the peppery man. "Well, I'll have another. For luck." And so saying he applied his Bradbury to the live wire.

And now the other man was awake. He too was aghast. When we had explained the secret to him, perhaps still more as the scent of our tobacco stimulated his appetite, he also took out a cigar; applied his Bradbury, and reaffixed the bulb.

We sat and smoked for a bit in silence.

"I'm getting out at the next stop," said the parson suddenly. "But don't forget that utility is the source of wealth, and that a match is of more value than watered paper—. In certain conditions," he added; "but then values depend upon conditions."

The man in the corner seemed about to speak.

"If eight matches are worth £12, what is a box of matches worth?" he asked sententiously.

But at that moment we ran into a tunnel. As we emerged the train was slowing down, entering a station, and the parson was busy with his things.

He gathered them up, fixed his long curly hair carefully under his broad-brimmed hat, turned the handle of the door, stepped out, peering back at us through the window.

"A box of matches," he said, "is worth a penny. Good day to you, gentlemen!" And with that he moved off.

"And a Bradbury? How much?" yelled out the leathery-faced individual. But the parson had passed in the crowd. The man in the corner sat silent. I had nothing to suggest. The peppery gentleman put his feet on the seat opposite and presently fell asleep.

The Will to Power

By M. P. Willcocks

One of the strangest facts of the last few months has been the way in which the ideas of the nations have been headed off from international questions to little dramas of the individual, now the heroic failure of an airman to cross the Atlantic, now some sordid story of murder. On the world-stage a play is being acted in which the future of unborn millions is being settled: there is, however, little or no attempt to bring the facts home, but instead a quite deliberate effort to distract public attention from them. Nor is this camouflage of the intelligence confined to the reactionary party, for even those who demand the end of the war with Russia do so rather because their sympathies are aroused than because they actually visualise the forces now playing on the world. We know not what we do, indeed. Still, in our "war-mind," in a mist of dying passion, we are not capable of judging what it is for which we are fighting. Everyone is afraid to look the facts in the face: everyone is even more desperately afraid to let other people do so.

At first sight it is an extraordinary thing that people, in the present position of the civilised world, should fear new things. Surely the hatred and strife, the pestilence and famine, the fear on the part of the possessing classes, and the envy of the dispossessed cannot possibly be enjoyable to anyone? How is it, then, that the very mention of a changed system of life sets people raving?

It is, of course, in the first place because they fear the unknown. And so every adherent of the past asks savagely whether you actually think that the miners, the railwaymen, can rule a nation or conduct a "Peace" Conference, and believes that his question is answerable only in the negative, though the moment before he has been deploring the ravages of war and cursing the state of the market, inconvenient facts which are the result of rule by the capitalist class and not by miners or railwaymen, who might conceivably make a

better job of things and could scarcely make a worse one. Actually, of course, he is not thinking along these lines at all: he believes in the form of society by which the few hold the means of living and the many have to obey them on penalty of death by starvation because it is the form in which the only kind of power he understands can express itself. It is, in short, the only way of life for the expression of power by means of possession. And power expressed by possession is the one kind of personal force recognised widely by the human race during what is poetically called the Age of Iron, that is, during the feudal and industrial periods. No man desires to be rich simply in order to eat banquets, dress his women like the Queen of Sheba, or live in a dozen palaces. What he does desire is to enjoy the sense of power given by comparing his purchasing capacity in eating, dressing, and building with the purchasing powers of others. He wants to "down" the rest of the crowd—and to be seen doing it. And State and Empire themselves are nothing more than the mass-expression of this instinct. Even when we give, as we do, of course, only if we are Americans, lavishly, and pour out food for the starving children of German-Austria, it is our power that pleases us, just as it is our power again that gives us joy when we bring death and disease to millions of starving German children. The Entente Powers are as gods to withhold or to bless. That is the net result of war to the victors: it is the psychology of conquest from the Stone Age to the twentieth century. What we understand by the expression of power is domination, mastery, the holding of someone in the hollow of the hand, whether this someone be an individual, a class, or a nation. So far, it is by this instinct that personality has learnt to exercise itself, the personality of the worker as well as of the employer. It is by competition that virility, initiative, ruthlessness have been developed, and under competition, as Nietzsche saw, pity has come to have something of shame about it. To accept gifts from the conqueror is to lick the hand of the master. Only Satan, defeated, refused to bow and went down to Hell. That very act was a proclamation of his own mastery which could not be humiliated.

These have been the actual ethics of the world for ages. They are still the ethics of to-day, but with this difference:

that all the forces of the time are coming into one focus, that the pool-boards of Europe have to deal with world politics, world economics, world ethics. There is a massing of armies on both sides of the Great Divide.

But as to what the Great Divide is men are not quite sure. Up to the present it seems to be Entente *versus* Mittel-Europa, and under the impression that this is a true division most people regard "Bolshevism" as a disease which, like typhus or rickets, can be cured by the food remedy. Others perceive that this division is not the true one, but that an entirely different line of cleavage has already emerged. That cleavage is, of course, created by the challenge of the Communal State in Russia. And, inasmuch as this Communal State is the expression of an ideal, it belongs to the world of ideals, and must be met on that plane.

For the challenge of the Communal State is a challenge to the entire ethical conception of power as that has persisted through history. Hitherto, under that conception, power has always expressed itself through possession of the means of life. The man, class, or nation that has had superior command of these means, however obtained, has "downed" his neighbour and satisfied his desires. But the Communal State proposes that, as between man and man and class and class, all the means of life shall be equally at the disposal of all. It is not merely the greatest ideal since Christ; it is either the expression of Christ Himself on a national scale—or it is nothing. But, be that as it may, this communal ideal does certainly leave the common man without any channel of expression of his will to power that he can understand.

If I cannot prove the force of my personality by possession, how, in the name of human instinct, can I prove it? If one is the ordinary man it is hard to answer that question. Yet, if it is not answered in the Communal State, the very life-force itself, the one article of faith actually believed in to-day, will be stultified.

No wonder, if this be true, that the challenge of the Communal State is alarming. No wonder Marx considered the existence of a successful Communal State in the midst of capitalistic countries an impossibility. The affront offered by it to all the inherited instincts of mankind is overwhelming.

Nor is this all: it is realised, especially from certain experiments in State Socialism, that in all probability the general prosperity of a Communal State might be vastly superior to the success of any capitalist State as far as the masses of the people are concerned. This being, to the surrounding workers, a visible proof of the desirability of Communism, how could the example of that method fail to prove infectious?

It should here be noted that Bolshevism is not merely Communism: it is as a political theory the belief that Communism can never be established without a period of the dictatorship of the proletariat, who may seize power either by war or strategy, both being directed against the possessing class.

The common man, then, sees all his power-instincts unable to function in a Communal State: he fears, too, lest the prosperity of that State should offer a terrible example to the Have-nots in all countries. Therefore he naturally refuses to acknowledge such small successes in organisation as the Communal State of Russia has been able to obtain under blockade. The newspaper correspondents who have ventured to say anything truthful about Russian conditions are accordingly laid by the heels as promptly as possible by terrified and reactionary governments. Yet if these governments really believed in the denial of human instincts by the communal system, would they not also realise that, in the long run, the communal system must needs fail? If, in short, one credits the first half of the common belief as to Communism, one need not trouble about the second.

Practically, of course, lurking below all the chatter about Communism, there is the very possible chance that fear of its success may prove to be even greater than the joy of revenge, and that an Entente bent on satisfying its desire to domineer may be obliged to feed the very people against whom it has been ruthlessly using the starvation weapon. Actually, of course, that position has already risen in Austria, where some thousands of children are being fed who would otherwise be sharing, unhelped, in the fate of the starving babies of industrial Germany.

For there is always one drawback to the ultimate expression of this type of domination, since, even in the exercise of boundless power over the lives of others, one has

to remember the law, "in all things, moderation." The capitalist who starves his employees beyond a certain point finds himself left without "hands," the hands that made his power for him. The victorious Entente which carries out a scheme of wholesale child murder for months is simply killing the goose which is to lay the golden egg of reparations and indemnities. Beyond a certain point, the starvation weapon defeats its own ends, just as the "glory" of war is reduced to an absurdity when its methods bring it at last face to face with the real, the ultimate weapon. War between young men with guns and ships and explosives has certainly a theatrical greatness about it. Excursions and alarums are thrilling. But when the most effective weapon of modern war is known to be the slow torture of women and helpless children we get at last not so much to the bed-rock devilishness of the thing as to its dingy squalor.

But that is where we are to-day. We know that starvation, always the recognised and orthodox weapon in industrial conflict, will henceforth have first place in national war, and that the Entente Powers rightly place the economic weapon in the forefront of their methods of inducing obedience in recalcitrant nations. Hence if one great Communal State can prove its power to resist blockade, then indeed is Russia the acid test of that League in quite another sense than was meant by Mr. Wilson's famous words. And if the capitalist reactionaries in the industrial sphere were wise, they would be even more disturbed by co-operative production and distribution than by Trade Unionism. For if the co-operative movement can feed the workers in revolt, then it is invulnerable, and so are those it feeds. Any force which turns the edge of the starvation weapon means ultimately the rout of the older order of life.

These facts have always been realised by private capitalists who have learnt by experience that the weapon of starvation must be used with discretion. But the preaching of hate has, so far, prevented the victorious nations from recognising this. It is thus desired that Germany shall be sufficiently cowed and beaten to exist on sufferance simply that she may act as a milch cow of production existing for the benefit of those who have conquered her. This claim is, of course, the proudest expression of the will to power by possession that history

has ever seen. It is also precisely the demand that the ruling classes of the old Germany would have made had they been in the place occupied by the Entente to-day. But in the pursuance of this scheme has the Entente the slightest idea of any restraint being necessary?

It does not seem so. Since the Brussels Agreement of March 14, when Germany was to be allowed to import 370,000 tons of food a month if she could pay for it, she is still being denied raw material by which to pay for this food through manufactured exports. The Agreement itself, forced on the Allies by General Plumer's protest in the name of the armies of occupation, was little better than a farce in face of the fact that Germany cannot continue to pay for this dole unless she can set her factories to work. The results are that seventy per cent. of the mothers of Germany are terribly underfed. When they are taken to the lying-in hospitals it is often in a starving condition. Thirty per cent. of them die in confinement, while another thirty per cent. of the children of married mothers die and fifty per cent. of those born to unmarried mothers. Thousands of the children born since the armistice are shrivelled-up creatures who will be a danger to the race, even if they survive. The factories are idle because there are no raw materials. We have the authority of Mr. Hoover for saying that, of all the famine-stricken districts of Europe, industrial Germany is probably the worst because it is left without outside help. Here death and disease, tuberculosis, scrofula, skin diseases, intestinal troubles, are rife. "You have only to see the children in the Berlin slums, all head and no body, with thin necks and grey, ghastly skins, to realise what a magnificent weapon a blockade is," says a newspaper correspondent. Such are the conditions of the people who are expected to produce by their work great wealth for the victors. Then comes the Peace, by which 600,000 more children are to be condemned to death by the giving up of 140,000 milch cows. The loss of Alsace-Lorraine, the Saar Valley, and Upper Silesia means the loss to Germany of one-third of her coal supply, leaving, after the coal has been deducted that is delivered up by way of reparation and that used on railways, gas and water supply, only one-tenth of her pre-war consumption of coal available for industry and domestic needs.

This means the destruction of Germany as an industrial Power. It is excellent vengeance, but deplorable business. If Germany's people be left to starve in accordance with terms like these, there will simply be set up in the midst of Europe a centre whence disease will be communicated to the whole world. For no nation of seventy million people can either live or die to itself. In fact, in this unmeasured punishment now meted out to Germany we see that the ultimate goal of unrestrained power by possession is racial suicide, hari-kari. Either the plague-spot of a starving Germany will poison the European system or the new communal idea will prove so successful that, by a process of interchange of produce, starving Germany and outlawed Russia will defy the Entente to starve them to death. In that latter case the peoples of all nations will learn that the co-operative system is so superior to the competitive that it can hold its own against every possible enemy. But that spells the end of the *régime* of possession which has ruled the world so long.

To many this view of the principle of possession on which life moves will seem a travesty of the facts. They will point to the many unselfish people who show by their daily acts an other-regarding passion to which the spirit of possession and domination is entirely alien.

It is true that such good people are to be found everywhere. It is also true that the majority of them acquiesce joyfully in political policies of domination and possession. They are doing so at the present moment in regard to the wholesale murder of millions of women and children in Europe. This they do for two reasons: first, because very few of them are as yet accustomed to think of systems of politics in terms of ethics at all; they take their thoughts and their institutions ready-made as these happen to be handed down to them; and, second, it must needs seem to timid people a horrible iconoclasm to dream of upsetting the established order which has developed many fine qualities of personality, and which is, in fact, the starting-point of personality itself.

Yet, cutting across this will to power by possession is another, the one regarded as specifically Christian, the ideal of "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." Taught to a subject tribe within the Roman Empire, it was

taken up by humble people who doubtless found its inner defiance to domination a salve against the excesses of power in high places. Long before its ideal reached the courts of princes or was preached from official pulpits, it had in practice undergone a transformation which brought it in line with the dominant possessive instincts. Official Christianity has never been a danger to the religion of this world. Underground, however, the Christian spirit persisted, occasionally guiding the dealings of man with man, but only as an individual dealing with another individual. In this guise it has sometimes produced splendid examples of loving-kindness. And could the most rabid exponent of international hate be got to pause beside the deathbed of a dying "enemy" child or to realise for a second the agony of an "enemy" mother who gives birth to a child that can but die, his ideal of the glory of domination, his lust to "punish," would surely be mastered by that sense of common brotherhood which is not yet conceived, much less born, in our larger ideas of the social framework.

The time for that spirit is not yet. Its time cannot be, indeed, till what one school of mystics call the Third Life Spark has been born, that other-consciousness which shall defeat the self-consciousness of to-day out of which, so far, has been built the forms of political life.

Are there any signs at all that this third step of humanity's progress is soon to be made? Are the people anywhere showing some perception of that unity of life with life, which, as yet, only a few mystics have experienced, only a few artists expressed?

If this new vision is perceptible anywhere, it is in the communal ideal. For that begins naturally where the common man would begin—with the provision of material substance to be held in fee for the good of all. Here is a glimmer of the Third Life Spark, for this idea is the precise opposite of the will to power by possession, by profit-making, by winning for oneself, one's class, or race, or empire, something that others have not. It is a step forward, as that same instinct to possess, to be separate in possession, was itself a step forward from the simple massive consciousness of the animal. This new sense of power by unity must necessarily be the most glorious which humanity can imagine, for a man inspired by it feels moving behind

and through him the vast resources of life itself. By the greatness of all life is his greatness magnified, and beside power such as this the might of the possessor of material wealth is beggarly indeed. But as yet even those who dimly feel the magnificence of this power do not trust it. The apostles of the old order would drive it out, of course, as a man drives out devils; the apostles of the new cannot conceive the possibility of its advent except by violence, by class dictatorship. In the religious and political spheres there is so far nothing more than a dim twilight in which a few allow themselves to dream of escape from disease and starvation, from war and tumult—with what results no man knows. Some say that if the food were shared, men would devote themselves to art and knowledge; others foresee but deadly boredom in a world where there would be no chance of grabbing the bread from one's neighbour's platter.

This hopelessness comes from the popular idea of holiness, of wholeness, that does nothing but insist on renunciation as the goal of life, as though the most powerful symbol in the world was an empty hand, a powerless saint. Naturally, with this repellent charm before him, man has made a religion of grab and mastery, being ignorant of his own interior power to be, of his own spiritual power to create. He is only now beginning to suspect that he is in the depths a god. Religion has sometimes asserted this, too, but always unconvincingly, because it has never acted on its own declaration. And yet the science of psychology is now by way of proving the truth of this statement. There is, for instance, but little doubt in the minds of those studying the evidence that at a certain stage of consciousness man can tap the sources of universal memory, can at any rate get access to facts outside the knowledge of his superficial self. And if this possibility be established there can be but few limits to the powers inherent in the Man Himself.

The Man Himself? The great man? Yes, but what of the mass who can never be expected to develop the daring by which a man becomes master in his own house of life? For this kind comes forth only by something even harder than prayer and fasting—that is, by sternest discipline of the will.

The mass may yet by knowledge be brought again under the sway of the great forces of nature which even now we recognise, though we are at the end of a period of civilisation which has been mainly spent in getting away from them. It may be pure metaphor to call the earth a magnet, but at any rate this planetary body acknowledges the sway of the seasons. This is obvious in the fecundity of spring, in the lunar tides, in the decay of the fall in the temperate zones. We have forgotten the close relationship between the earth's rhythm and man's life, both animal and mental. Yet one day, regaining the Ancient Wisdom, with all the ethical values of "sin," of separation and division, carried over into it, the human race will rule its affairs deliberately so that the tide of nature's life shall fill their pulses, thrill through their nerves, and bring to birth men of power in themselves, men whose personal *élan vital* is filled with the *élan vital* of great Nature herself. What even now would not be wrought in human life by securing to all children a birth moment at the time of the great flow of nature's renewal?

But if such an idea seems absurd, is it not because, in our zeal to make "dead" matter serve our power-purposes, we have forgotten the greatest source of power in existence, that of the Man Within the human organism, now buried, submerged under machines, tools, flesh, and all the paraphernalia of possession?

To disinter this man, to exercise his apparently almost infinite powers, will be much more joyful, more amusing, than our present occupation of snatching the means of life from one another. Famine, disease, hate, are not really delightful, yet they are the net result to more than half the globe of the will to power by possession. They curse, too, him that hath as well as him that hath not. And with an even deeper curse.

The Case for the Elementary Teacher

By a Member of the N.U.T.

When that wonderful and most conveniently labelled personage, "The Man in the Street," opens his daily paper and notices a paragraph headed, "Teachers Threaten Strike," he does not trouble to read it. Were it any other body corporate that was adopting a minatory attitude it is an even chance that the matter would hold his attention for at least some moments. And yet the present and future happiness of his children is in the hands of the elementary teacher—the guide and friend (very much this latter nowadays) of "The Children in the Street." There is no need to labour the point that the class in whose care are the future men and women of a country should be a contented body—a body removed, at least, a little way from the starvation line. None denies this—in theory.

The fact to-day is that *the single male teacher under twenty-five years of age cannot live on his salary*, if he be a man of normal appetites. Between twenty-five and thirty-five he may manage to spread his salary over the month if he suppress nine desires in ten.

He cannot marry under thirty unless his wife works as well. If, on the maximum salary obtainable by a trained and certificated assistant master, he be intrepid enough to marry a woman with no income of her own, he is compelled to teach in the evenings in order to keep his head above the current. He concludes, too, that to inflict upon a child the only existence which he can give it on his salary, is too severe a handicap—and so he has none.

Some clever little man once said, "Those who cannot do, teach." Another able atomy capped it with "A teacher is a man amongst children, and a child amongst men."

That is, of course, *pour rire*. But let us come to facts. Let us see what training the elementary teacher must undergo to equip himself for his work.

First let us deal with the teacher of thirty to forty years of age who was trained and educated under the now vanished pupil-teacher system. Pupil-teacher will henceforward be referred to as P.T.

He commenced dominie at the age of fourteen as a "Candidate"—coming himself from an elementary school or a grammar school. From fifteen to eighteen or nineteen he became a first-year, second-year, and third-year P.T., his salary during these four years being simply a nominal sum of a few shillings a week. During these four years he taught at least six half-days a week, being responsible for a class varying in number from forty to ninety. The rest of the week he attended a P.T. Centre (usually a Technical Institute) for instruction. This included a Saturday morning session of three hours. At the end of each year he presented himself for examination on the year's work before he could proceed further. A typical day in the life of a P.T. was as follows:—

7.30 to 8.30 a.m.—Study under the headmaster of the school at which he taught.

8.55 to 12.0 a.m.—Sole charge of a class of from forty to ninety children.

2.0 to 5.0 p.m.—Lectures at P.T. Centre.

6.30 to 9.30 p.m.—Study and preparation at home.

At the age of eighteen he sat for the entrance examination for Teachers' Training Colleges, (The King's Scholarship,) an exam. of about the same standard as the London Matriculation. If he failed he waited another year, or dropped out to look for other work. If he passed he was eligible for a place in a Training College. Provided there were room for him, he now entered a residential college for two years. His entrance fee cost him £30, his outfit for the two years £30, his books, stationery, etc., £10, and pocket-money and travelling expenses £30. If he were economical, a very good boy, drank water, did not smoke, and contented himself with the photos outside the theatres, he could manage his two years on a total outlay of £100. If he were not—but in most cases he had to be. At the end

of two years he took the Certificate Examination for the Teacher's Diploma, or he could take the final degree of the London University in arts or science as an alternative, staying a third year in college for this purpose if necessary.

If he failed he was given another chance in a year's time; a second failure meant a fresh start in life. If he passed he was now a Trained Certificated Teacher, eligible for a post in an elementary school as assistant master. His commencing salary in a metropolitan area was £95 to £100, in a suburban area £85 to £95, and in a provincial or country district £75 to £85 per annum. His yearly increments were £5 for four years and £10 afterwards, reaching a maximum of £130 in the country, £170 in the suburbs, and £190 in the metropolitan area. Above this sum he could not go unless he obtained a headship.

Coming down to recent times, the P.T. system was abolished, and the Bursar system took its place. Briefly, the Bursar system is this. From eleven to fifteen years of age the boy attends a secondary school, either on a scholarship or by payment. From fifteen to sixteen he attends eleven months at the secondary school, and does one month's teaching in school as a bursar. He now spends one year as a student-teacher, during which time he teaches four days a week and attends one day at the secondary school. For this year his salary is from £30 to £40. He then enters a training college. The education authority under which he has been a bursar may make him an allowance towards his expenses, varying from £30 to £50. His subsequent career now follows the same course as the former P.T.

In the metropolitan area to-day his commencing salary is £150, rising by annual £10 increments to a maximum of £300 per annum; in the suburbs £130, rising similarly to a maximum of £300; and in the provinces or the country £115 to £225.*

Beyond these maxima the elementary teacher cannot go unless he obtains a headship or a post in a secondary or

* Scales of salaries are at the present moment in a fluid state. Revisions are taking place, or are being suggested, all over the country. At the moment of writing, however, these figures are substantially correct. They are in every case the highest rates paid. In numerous instances teachers in the provinces and country are still receiving less than £100 per annum. As this is not general, however, it has been omitted from the body of the article as not bearing upon the argument.

grammar school. His chance of a headship is about 2 per cent., and to obtain a post in a secondary or grammar school *once having been branded as an elementary teacher* is as difficult as the task of the legendary camel. For the few other plums of the profession—inspectorships, for instance, —he is not even allowed to compete. Head inspectors of elementary schools must be Oxford or Cambridge men, who, never having taught in an elementary school, are naturally the very men to have a sympathetic appreciation of the teachers' difficulties. No profession with any pride or status would tolerate such a system of inspection, whereby one hour spent in a teacher's class-room may entail an adverse report on his whole year's work. Rather than stoop to placate, the best men leave the profession.

Now let us take our bright young man of twenty-two, with six years of study and training behind him, an abiding faith in John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, and the Board of Education, and a commencing salary of about two and a half guineas a week. He is posted as an assistant master to a school, and is given charge of a class of forty boys if he be lucky, or sixty if unlucky. In the latter case he is likely to find himself in a room built to accommodate forty children and having in it twenty dual desks. Into these twenty desks he must crowd his sixty boys—three in each desk where there should be but two. All who appreciate the small boy's aptitude for getting into mischief will understand that three squashed small boys multiplied by twenty represent quite a considerable amount of potential trouble. It is, of course, healthy for the youngsters, but that is beside the point. Before he can teach them anything he must learn to control them, and incidentally his own temper. Ninety per cent. of a teacher's difficulty, from the standpoint of discipline, is due to the shamefully large class he is expected to teach, and the overcrowding of the children. Would any reasonable adult care to work with pen and ink and book, with a fellow mortal at each elbow continually joggling him, and someone in front inquiring why the dickens he couldn't sit still, and what the deuce he meant by making blots. And suppose in his legs ran the abundant vitality and restless energy of a boy, instead of the overfed languor of middle age. . . . But discipline must be maintained. How? By crushing, by snubbing, and by corporal

punishment. I doubt if any teacher believes that corporal punishment does any good, but it is forced on him by the conditions under which he works. If teachers had classes of twenty to twenty-five, in rooms of ample accommodation for that number, corporal punishment would vanish from school life.

Our bright young man, (who is already losing a little of his lustre,) soon finds that he is haunted by a spectre that for ever sits in the cupboards of his class-room. This horrid ghost is "Stock." Books, pens, pencils, rubbers, rulers, and so forth must be watched and husbanded with more care than that of a mother for her first-born. Indeed, they are more important than the children. One might lose a boy with but small emotional stir, but to find a pen missing or a rubber wasting too speedily is the ultimate terror. No little haberdasher must count his goods with such anxious ardour as the teacher must number his Stock; no nun finger her beads so lovingly as he must tell his pens. To obtain fresh stock from the Head he must approach him with the shamed mien of the prodigal before his father. It is not the Head's fault. He has his Requisition List to forward periodically to the local Education Committee, and the small limits to which he can keep this is the measure of his "standing" with that august body. Soon or late it comes to this: a worried, hoarse man, (our bright youth of a short time ago,) will be attempting to take, say, a drawing lesson with two-inch pencils and one rubber between three boys. Try to imagine sixty ten-year-olds crammed into twenty desks endeavouring to draw with two-inch pencils, and having to wait while two other boys "rub out"!

On these two matters of large classes and scanty and outworn material it is hopeless for the teacher to appeal for improvement. He is told that there are not enough teachers to enable the classes to be made smaller, and, on the second count, that the rates cannot bear additional expense. Every demand of the teacher for his own betterment, or for improved conditions for the children, is met with ominous head-shaking and awe-stricken whispers of "Rates." "Twopence on the rate" is a powerful enough statement to put the closure on any suggestion. When the people cares sufficiently for its children it will demand that they be taught

in classes and not in herds, and that teachers shall be State-paid.

The cry that there are not enough teachers is perfectly true. In 1914 about six thousand young men entered the teaching profession. In 1918 the number was six hundred and fifty. For the new continuation schools under the Fisher Act, thirty-two thousand teachers will be required in three years' time. It is an open secret in the educational world that Mr. Fisher's scheme will smash irretrievably on the rock of teacher supply. Mr. Fisher's scheme, then (a scheme which tends to place the children of The Man in the Street on a plane not too remote from that enjoyed by the luckier class), must fail utterly. Of the twelve thousand male teachers required, not four thousand will be available.

We have seen that the teacher to-day cannot live on his income without teaching in the evening. Apart from other considerations, this is a hopeless state of affairs for the evening scholar. A teacher must be fresh or he is nothing. After teaching a herd of boys in an overcrowded and stuffy room for five hours during the day, no man can come to a further two-hours' evening teaching with any other emotion than that of wearied disgust.

A few more reasons why men are leaving teaching and no new-comers are being attracted, and I have done.

A teacher who has taught twenty years under one authority, and wishes to take a post under another, is credited in his new position with only five years' service. Put into money values, this means that if the commencing salary of both authorities were £120 per annum, and the maximum £300, by four increments of £5 and the rest of £10, the teacher's salary, on taking his new post, would drop from £300 (his maximum) to £150. In other words, after having served an authority for five years a teacher cannot leave without being considerably out of pocket. He is as much bound to the land as any serf of the Middle Ages was to the soil of the baron.

A teacher has no status. His is merely a courtesy profession. The clerical, legal, and medical ignore him; the craftsman regards him with amused contempt.

Owing to the shortage of teachers, all sorts of unqualified persons have been admitted into the schools. There still

exists a class of teacher whose only qualification is, "over eighteen years of age, and has been successfully vaccinated." What would a member of the N.U.R. or A.S.E. say to an analogous state of affairs in his own trade? The Government prosecutes its quack doctors and charlatan dentists, and rightly so. But its quack teachers? Why, certainly not. The cynic explains this by the fact that our statesmen themselves might fall into the hands of the legal, dental, or medical quack if he were permitted to practise; but as the children of our rulers do not attend elementary schools . . . I think this a little unkind . . . *but there are no quack teachers at Eton or Harrow.*

It has been said quite recently that teachers are "out for themselves, and damn the children." Does that need refuting? Teachers often do more for the children's happiness and welfare than the parents. This is not a virtue, but merely a human trait. Any normal adult who is thrown much into the company of children soon gets to put them first and himself anywhere. This is neither "professional guff" nor sentiment. The young are very lovable. They compare favourably with the adult in most ways—in beauty, in freshness, in originality, in justice, and in affection. "The reason teachers talk shop more than any other class is because their job deals with the most interesting subject in the world—the child." So says Ian Hay. There is no teacher but agrees. All educational bodies are open to the charge of trading upon this fact. They have realised in every country, and in every age, that because of this regard for the youngster the adult teacher will stand conditions of service that no other class would tolerate.

One final word on money matters. Mr. Fisher promised, before the war was even thought of, that teachers' salaries should be raised to a sum sufficient to allow them to live a reasonable life. A confession, surely, that this was impossible on their pre-war salary. Very well. Now consider this. The pre-war salaries of teachers—then admitted insufficient for decent living—*have been raised during the war by forty per cent. Living has increased,* at a moderate estimate, by *one hundred and twenty per cent.* The increase in wages in the various trades from 1914 to 1918 varies from ninety to one hundred and ten per cent.

At an elementary school in the suburbs eleven boys

recently entered for scholarships for admission to a secondary school. Their fathers were required to fill in a form giving their salaries. Nine fathers were getting between £400 and £500, and the other two £350. The teacher of the class from which the boys came is receiving £250 per annum. He is a married man with one child, and is looking forward to teaching four evenings a week during the coming autumn and winter.

The caretaker of the same school receives £4 15*s.* a week, plus house, coal, and light.

The Kent Urban District Council recently advertised for an official rat-catcher at a salary of £250 per annum. The Kent Education Committee pays its *teachers* £240 *a year after twenty years' service.*

And this is why teachers would strike if they dare. This is why the Fisher scheme is doomed. This is why The Man in the Street of 1940 will be ill-educated.

"For it"

By A. E. Mander

When we are drifting into the next war—*let us think of the last.*

I

Lieut. A. R. Newlyn, of the 4th East Anglian Regiment, sits on an upturned box in the middle of the room, filling his pipe. Near him his soldier-servant kneels upon the ground, busily engaged in overhauling the contents of his pack.

The room is fairly large; but it has a low, dirty ceiling and a red-brick floor, while the walls are covered with old plaster of a bilious yellow hue. Its furniture consists of an iron bedstead and mattress, a Wolseley valise unrolled upon it, a small wood table upon which are three enamelled mugs and a bottle of whisky, and four boxes to serve instead of chairs. Through the dusty window one looks out upon the yard, a small square space enclosed by mud-walled barns. And in the middle of this yard there is a long, low heap of reeking straw and dung.

It is an officer's billet behind the line in France; yet not a typical one. For in this village the troops are constantly coming and going, rarely occupying the same billets for more than two nights together. And so there has been no serious attempt at either cleanliness or comfort. . . .

His pipe is filled and "going" at last. Newlyn stands up, stretches himself, and walks across to the window. There he remains awhile, gazing out upon the yard. . . . Every few seconds a heavy motor-lorry rattles and rumbles by, shaking the whole house as it passes. And in the intervals can be heard the continual muttering of the guns. . . .

For these are the early days of our latest Grand Offensive. And the 4th East Anglians are waiting now to go up into "the show." They arrived at the village last evening, after an all-day march; and now they are expecting further orders at any moment.

The interval of inaction and suspense, that final pause before the plunge, must always, for imaginative men, be one of the most trying times in war. Newlyn evidently

finds it so, for he is restless and ill at ease. This will not be his first "show"; and his memories of that other, a few months ago, make him dread the experience before him. Thinking of the chums that he lost then, of the terrible sights that he saw, of the horror and the harshness and the hideousness of it all, he feels sick at heart, utterly, hopelessly wretched. . . .

Probably he will be killed, he thinks: almost certainly he will. He will be torn and mangled by a blasting, blinding five-point-nine. He will lie there, rotting, smashed out of all semblance of human form. . . . Listening, he can almost hear the rushing, tearing shriek of the oncoming shells . . . . and the deafening, dazing roar of the machine-guns. . . .

Or, even, if he should himself escape untouched, yet he must see his friends, his brother-officers, his own men, torn and shattered at his side. He will see all those soul-sickening sights again, and hear once more those dreadful cries and the curses, the groans, the little choking grunts of sorely-stricken men. . . .

The door is thrown open and two other officers enter the room.

"Hullo, Newlyn!" cries the first. "Heard the orders?"

"No."

"*We're for it.*"

"When?"

"Parade at two."

"*Cheer-ho!*" The second newcomer is pouring out a mug of whisky and water. "Cheer-ho!" he cries—"*Here's to us!*"

II

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp—the battalion is swinging out of the village on its way to battle. As soon as the last guard has been passed and the order to "March at ease" been given, a great roar of cheering bursts forth. The troops by the wayside cheer the marching men: the marching men bawl back to those who have turned out to see them off. Even the Colonel is smiling.

Newlyn, at the head of his platoon and in the middle of the column, waves to some friends of another regiment,

looks over his shoulder at his exultant men, and laughs aloud. The mood of wretchedness and "funk" has gone: it vanished as soon as he heard that orders were definitely issued.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. It is a sight for the gods, the sight of a khaki-clad, steel-capped battalion of British infantry marching up to battle, gloriously exulting in their strength. A regiment of cavalry at manœuvre is a splendid spectacle. A battery of field artillery clattering and jangling along a road, or advancing in line across the plain: it is a sight to make the pulses quicken in sympathy with its life and force and movement. But nothing else can give one the sense of *power*, of real, solid, splendid *power*, that a column of British infantry can give, armed, fit, and mightily confident, marching strongly and steadily, the rhythm of their tramping feet stirring one's soul as the grand music of an organ may, the rhythm of their thousand bodies giving living meaning to the sound.

They're "*for* it"!

Only a weary remnant may return. A hundred of them may be left, bundles of bloody rag, up yonder. More hundreds may be borne back under the Red Cross—some shattered and maimed for life; some with wounds that time and care will heal; some in fearful agony, grimly silent, cursing, or praying for release; some mastering their pain and smiling bravely; while others there will be, the slightly wounded, caring nothing for anything so long as they are bound for Blighty, home, once more.

They're "*for* it"!

And, realising this, they cheer again and start another careless, lilting song. For that is the way of British soldiers marching up into the very gates of Hell.

III

There are roads for troops and roads for other traffic, roads for ambulances and roads for ammunition, roads and tracks and railways everywhere. A long column of heavily-laden motor-lorries rolls up towards the line: an equally long column of empty lorries rattles and clatters back again. Artillery wagons, drawn by six-horse teams, rumble steadily along—not one or two, but scores of them—with

jangling harness and crunching, grinding wheels. There are long sidings, where dozens of motor-lorries are being unloaded, and behind them great stacks of ammunition-boxes and vast dumps of shells. Still further back from the roads are troops in bivouac, awaiting their turn to go forward; and their camps, compact though they are, extend over scores of acres. There is no excitement, no frenzied haste anywhere; but everyone is busy. The thousand guns in front are being fed. The work is being done.

And, one battalion of many battalions, a scarcely noticeable unit in this area of thronging industry, the 4th East Anglians, are moving to the front. Watching the busy, bewildering scene, and listening to the confusion of sounds around him, Newlyn is too much interested to think of other things. And so the battalion moves steadily forward, until presently it is on the fringe of the battle.

IV.

Now they are in the land of great guns. Hidden monsters are crashing and thundering on every side. Those that are some little distance off seem to speak with a dull roar: those that are nearest the road speak with a mighty, shattering CRACK, making the very earth shudder with the the shock. The battalion is divided into smaller bodies now, with some distance between each one and the next. And, away over there on the right, a long-ranged German gun is shelling one of the roads. . . .

In single file now, the men have entered a communication trench and are passing over the crest of the high ground. Turning to the left, and then to the right, and then to the left again, and then again to the right; bumping their equipment against the sides and corners of the trench; stumbling over broken floor-boards; grousing good-humouredly about "this blurry war" and "these straffed communication trenches"—but all the while pushing on. Overhead the shells speed, hissing or screaming or thundering, towards the German lines. In front, our advanced field batteries are barking incessantly; while from still further away come the sounds of detonating shells—*Crump, Crash, Crump, Crump*. . . .

Just as the trench begins to run definitely down-hill, Newlyn manages to get a hurried look over the top. . . .

Down in front is just such a scene as he remembers of that other Offensive. Under a grey and threatening sky, a waste of land, torn and pox-marked, harsh and hideous; a waste of land, churned and battered and tortured. The whole aspect one of harsh, brutal desolation. *Harshness* is the word—stark *harshness*, a very dreariness of pain. . . .

Newlyn drops back into the trench. Only a glance, only a hurried glance, but it has seared his mind. . . .

And they're "for it." . . .

V

In the front-line trench at last; the business of relieving over; nothing more to do but to sit down on the fire-step and wait.

Newlyn is smoking his pipe and watching the men as they scoop out little recesses in the parapet, little recesses into which they can shrink when the shells begin to come their way. Once again he is facing the Boche! . . . And to-morrow at dawn they are going "over the top"—*at* him!

He rises and looks over the parapet towards the German line. The trench itself is not visible; but he spends an hour examining No-man's-land, the ground over which they will have to advance. When the failing light makes further observation impossible, Newlyn passes down the trench, explaining to the men exactly what they are expected to do and exactly how they are to do it. Presently the Company Commander comes along to emphasise certain points in the arrangements for the attack and to satisfy himself that all the orders are thoroughly understood. . . .

And now a battery of five-point-nines has begun to shell the trench a little way to the right of Newlyn's platoon. Zr-zr-*zr-zr*-ZR-ZR-ZR—CR-UMP!!! . . . Zr-zr-*zr-zr*-ZR-ZR-ZR—CR-UMP!!! . . .

Newlyn takes out his letter-case to read over again his last letter from home.

Zr-zr-*zr-zr-zr*-ZR-ZR-ZR-ZR. . . . . a tremendous CRASH!!!—a blinding flash!—the fearful, shattering shock of the detonation!—a shower of earth and stones into the trench!—the stink of powder! . . . .

"Just short!"

The men catch their breath and look at one another. Someone says he'll be on the way to Blighty yet before the morning. Someone else remarks that it is his birthday, and that he thought old Fritz would not forget him. Newlyn strikes a match to light a cigarette . . . and manages to keep his fingers steady—somehow. . . .

But listen! Here's another! At first a soft, buzzing drone—but growing louder—louder every moment—and louder yet—and now it is a shrieking, rushing, hurtling roar—and now . . .

CRASH!!!

Ah!

For a moment Newlyn is dazed by the concussion; but almost at once he asks, "All right?"

A man down the trench exclaims, "I've got it!" Someone else whispers, "Williams!" Another voice calls wildly for "stretcher-bearers at the double." And yet another says, quietly and grimly, "Can't you *see!*"

The shell has burst just behind the trench. One man is killed and one is slightly wounded. The dead man is lifted over the parados. . . .

But listen! Another! . . .

And so for half an hour the shelling continues. Some of the shells burst short of the trench; some go beyond it; one or two are—in. It is a half-hour of suffering and horror for the men who are huddled there, listening—always listening for the next . . . wincing under the shock of the detonations . . . peering about in the darkness to distinguish the living from the dead. . . .

And when it is over at last—half an hour that has seemed like half a century!—they set to work to restore the battered trench, to clear out the *débris* and the dead, to dig again through those parts of the trench that have been filled in. But the awfulness of that half-hour is upon them still: they are white and trembling. . . .

VI

And now it is morning. The final, intense bombardment has begun! Hundreds of British guns are hurling

their thousands, their tens of thousands of shells upon the German lines. The din is appalling, deafening. The crashing and thundering of the guns behind; the tearing, shrieking, howling of the shells rushing overhead; the shattering, blasting fury of their detonations on the German trench in front—it is terrific, unutterable! The earth shudders under the concussions. The air is full of smoke and the fumes of the high explosive. In the half-light the vivid flashes are sickening, almost blinding. . . . For two hours it continues. . . .

Now Newlyn, revolver in hand, is looking at his watch. The men, with bayonets fixed, are waiting. . . .

There is a feeling of grim exultation in the very fury of the bombardment. Though some of the men are probably suffering under the strain, most of them are fiercely eager and excited. Newlyn himself feels nothing, thinks of nothing: he simply gazes at his watch. . . .

Now there is but another half-minute to go! He signals to his men, who find foot-holes for themselves in the parapet. Now only fifteen seconds . . . now only ten—nine—eight—seven—six—five—four—three—two—

Newlyn clambers out of the trench; waves his arm, signing his men to follow; sees them scramble up and get into a rough line; and so—forward!

Behind, the British guns are still thundering with furious, deafening intensity. In front our British shells are bursting with blasting, shattering crashes all along the German line. Dense clouds of swirling smoke and columns of hurtling *débris*, in the midst of which are the continual flashes of savage, stabbing flame, obscuring the trench from view.

And, steadily trudging towards it, avoiding the shell-craters, endeavouring to preserve their line, the British infantry are advancing to the assault.

But now the enemy are putting up their "barrage." With sudden, sharp reports, their shrapnel shells are bursting in the air in front of, over, and behind the advancing waves of men. The shrapnel balls are spattering on the ground in little showers. . . .

Still the line advances, unconsciously increasing its pace. The men are intent upon picking their way over the rough, shell-torn ground. . . . Here and there a man

stumbles, to rise again next moment: here and there a man seems to stumble, but does not rise. . . .

And now our guns have "lifted." The thundering intensity of the bombardment is not abated; but our shells are bursting on the second line of German trenches instead of on the first. . . .

Look! There, twenty yards in front, a group of Germans erecting a machine-gun on its stand! A line of moving heads! *The German trench itself!*

From the trench a bomb is thrown, bursting near Newlyn but not hurting him. A machine-gun on the right begins to clatter. Another bomb! A rifle shot!

Newlyn dashes forward! Instantly his whole being is charged with life and power! In front are grim-faced men, men with flashing eyes. . . . He is filled with the lust of battle! He must kill those men! Nothing else matters—he must *kill* them! He must *kill* them!

He is mad!

Fierce, burning fury possesses him! He has "seen red." The joy of Battle dominates all; the lust for blood is upon him.

A German soldier, with eyes aflame, hurls a bomb at his feet. Before it can explode, Newlyn has leapt into the trench and fired his revolver point-blank in the German's face. As that face disappears, blackened and distorted, Newlyn experiences a sense of savage joy. . . .

There is another field-grey coat! He fires at that! . . . A moment later he is at death-grips with yet another Boche. . . . He has dropped his revolver, but has his trench-knife still. . . . And now the two are rolling on the bottom of the trench, locked together. . . . The Boche is trying to bite his hand. . . . His fingers are at the Boche's throat. . . .

With frenzied fury he tightens his grip . . . more, and more, and more. . . . And as he feels the strength of ten men in his arms, his heart seems to swell with grim and savage joy. His nerves thrill, his pulses throb, his throat burns. . . . All the mighty passions, all the savage hate, all the lust and fury of a million fiends in Hell, surge up unrestrained through the heart of this frenzied man. And he is *killing, killing!* . . . He *sees* and *feels* the life slipping from his foe. As he watches, the eyes grow glazed,

the face turns grey. And beneath his steely fingers he feels the body growing limp. . . until it sinks slowly to the ground . . . *dead*. . . .

And now it is over. Newlyn is posting men at the entrance of each dug-out. Some Germans are brought along the trench, prisoners. Here is a dug-out the inmates of which will not surrender. Three or four hand-grenades are thrown down. . . .

The bombardment continues furiously. The din is incredible. . . .

The second wave of men now cross the trench, laughing and shouting as they go. . . . They're off to take the German second line! Half a dozen of Newlyn's men, wildly excited, begin to follow them. He calls them back, and reluctantly they come.

Some of the men are wearing German helmets. Some have German rifles, pistols, and knives. All are exultant, intoxicated with success, shouting and laughing and dancing, wringing each other's hands, slapping each other on the back, standing on the parados and cheering.

Then Newlyn remembers. They must dig. The position is to be consolidated. He must not forget his orders.

And so they dig. . . .

The din is unabated. . . .

And presently, above the thunder and the bombardment, they hear a salvo of heavy shells come rushing towards their trench. The first four are just over. Another salvo of four—again just over. A third salvo comes hurtling towards them; and, tense and chilled, they wait . . . .

CRASH!

When they recover from the shock, when the earth and stones have ceased to fall around, when the smoke has partly cleared away, they see the result. A dozen of their number are lying, smashed and mangled, about the trench. One or two are just alive . . . they are the most unfortunate of all. . . .

It is a ghastly sight, a sight of unutterable horror . . . one of those awful sights of war which may not be described, but which, by those who have seen them—lived amongst them—will never be forgotten. . . .

VII

A week has passed, a week of working and waiting and fighting, a week of horror, a week of weariness. And now, at last, the division is about to be relieved. . . . The men are utterly worn out. . . .

They are waiting in their trenches while the men of the incoming Division are arriving to "take over." They do not talk: they just sit about the trench in various attitudes, taking but little notice of what is going on. Red-eyed, heavy-eyed, with drooping, aching heads, with leaden feet, they sit there, hearing the shells go screaming overhead . . . and paying no attention to them. For weariness, utter weariness, makes them indifferent. . . . They desire only to sleep. . . . .

Newlyn is pointing out "the lie of the land" to the relieving Company Commander. For Newlyn is in command of a company now. His late O.C. has gone. . . . Nearly all the officers have gone. . . .

He makes an effort to keep his attention on the task in hand. He tries again to give his successor an idea of the position. But he cannot always find the right expression . . . and his words run together, and get mixed up. . . .

And now, with dragging, stumbling steps, they are making their way along the communication trench. . . .

The din of battle is in their ears . . . but they do not heed it. The stench of the battle-field is in their nostrils . . . but they hardly notice it at all. They see ghastly, gruesome sights around them as they pass . . . rotting bodies . . . and worse . . . but they do not even shudder. A great shell bursts with a terrific *Crump* two hundred yards away. . . . Not a man starts, not a man turns his head. . . .

They just keep plodding wearily along. . . .

And so they leave the zone of battle. And so they reach their bivouacs. . . .

Within three minutes every man is stretched upon the grass . . . sleeping . . . sleeping at last. . . .

Socialism and the Syndicalists

By E. C. Fairchild

The most formidable social fact at the present time is the wide extent of economic unrest expressed in definite form by the pronounced hostility of Labour towards Capitalism, and in a lesser degree towards the State. In some quarters, on both sides, there lingers a belief that by readjustments of highly ambiguous character a form of social peace can be secured containing just so much of permanence that the demands of Labour may be arrested, at least for a time. There are academic thinkers who go beyond these temporary expedients. Far removed from the insecurity that haunts the lives of all who work for wages, on the one hand, or from the responsibilities of industrial management, on the other, they dwell upon the desirability of an equilibrium of classes. Their ideal may be described as an economic balance of power within the State, so justly equating the rewards of Labour and Capital that those factors of production come to live in harmony together. To preserve this social peace a bureaucratic army would be constructed, offering many commissions to the type of labour leader whose mind runs on lines of routine. Often he becomes an admirable official of the statistical-clerical order, but these very qualities unfit him for the understanding or leadership of masses, which, in this modern world, learn to grasp the fact that contemporary movement draws its impulse from the emotions of the ideal. These social philosophers were the authors of the doctrine of national unity framed to assuage internal difficulties during the war, and which they expected would live on into the piping times of profitable, money-making peace.

Keen is the disappointment of these statists. The era that witnessed the psychological unity of classes was shattered by a violent mental eruption which neither Whitley Councils nor official pamphlets on Reconstruction seem well designed to repair. It is succeeded by the presage of industrial storms without parallel in the ancient times before

the war. Strikes there have been for two thousand years, and we know not how long before. But never until this day of universal upheaval did Labour threaten to marshal millions just to fold their arms, and to use the strike as a weapon for the rebuilding of society. Here, indeed, is evidence that the world is born again. Nothing that is, is sacred. Law is a passing convenience. Civilisation, with its basis of private property, which excludes the greater part of the race from its benefits, is a thing but a few months old when compared with the duration of man's struggle to control the forces of nature; in its claim for respect it can neither advance the pursuit of impartial justice nor the permanence of age; it builds on the shifting sands of banker's credit; it will be taken up in a night, and recast on the morrow. And the fraternity of trenches—mockery of mockeries. The fraternity of the trenches is dissolved at the door of the Labour Exchange.

Probably the leaders of the orthodox political parties, the few eloquent preachers who find congregations, and the editors—to whom those turn for guidance who find worship a personal moral necessity—probably none of these are more surprised at the tempest raging among the working class than the trade union leaders and their mentors, the narrow Marxists of twenty years ago. Naturally, as war is not conducted in the soporific air of assemblies, it brings into disrespect the sober methods of political and judicial procedure. Where millions of men have become inured to risking life, they are not to be deterred by the risks involved in the expropriation of mine-owners. It would appear that theoretical Syndicalism left the study, and returned, a highly polished instrument, to the French trades unions, whence it came, at the exact moment fitted for it to function in the world of thought. In every army nourished intellectually on the idea that it fights for liberty there rises a passionate individualism. In war, this ascent in the scale of emotions overmasters the individual, and for the time being the reasoning faculties may be entirely subordinate, or barely function at all. This exhilaration, however, is not confined to the battlefield. It overflows to the ranks of Labour, and at this moment men who steadfastly opposed recourse to arms are caught by its movement and hurried forward.

Nevertheless, it is in the wider distribution of social

theories, unceasingly elaborated in explanation of events, that the effect of the Syndicalist criticism of the Marxists is revealed. It is rather a criticism of the Marxists, not of Marxism, that Syndicalism applies so incisively. Indeed, claiming to be the only true disciples of a method in strict conformity with the Marxian theory of the class war, the Syndicalists found the supreme embodiment of all they objected to in the political sinuosities of Jaurès and the revolutionary, high-sounding jargon which Kautsky could always be relied upon to produce for the pacification of Socialist Congresses. In their first reactions against the emphasis laid on the importance of the State by the Social Democrats, the Syndicalists were accustomed to dismiss all socialists following political methods at *dilettanti*, concerning themselves with problems of importance and reality about equal to the question "as to who will drink Clos-Vougeot in the society of the future." It is in the nature of political parties that they derive their power more from the uniformity of their adherents' thought than from the sudden and vehement action of the mass. The Syndicalists, however, proceeded to argue that, no matter what the degree of unanimity of thought, the whole labour of propaganda and organisation must result in futility if political methods were adopted.

It is undeniable that the argument was reinforced by the history of German socialism. The full consequence of the quietism resulting from the strict adherence to political methods only was never more clearly shown than in the complete failure of the German Social Democratic Party in the few years immediately before August, 1914. A singular problem of the mind was presented by that lamentable collapse, which cast a gloom over idealists in all countries. In an age when rapid industrial development broke up the forms of petty production and concentrated power in the hands of the few; when, notwithstanding broader distribution of savings, the workers, as a class, were farther removed from the actual control of the means of production; when, in short, all the material elements of economic revolution were in prolific operation—in that age, discipline triumphed over the desire for radical social alteration. The decline from within did not pass without note from some standing near the centre of German

Socialism. Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since Bernstein, using the words of Schiller, urged the German Social Democracy to "Let it dare to appear what it is." At the other pole of the Party's theorists stood Dr. Friedeberg clamorously demanding the advocacy of the general strike as the only means to give new life to a dying hope borne to the ground by the crushing weight of millions of supporting votes. Bound in the steel net of organisation, and, its natural corollary, imbued with complete confidence in the judgment of its leaders, German Socialism could not be aroused from coma. Its strength petered out in resolutions. Since the Auer motion in favour of Labour Protection, tabled in the Reichstag in 1891, the German Social Democratic Party approximated ever more closely to our conception of a Liberal-Labour Party. The rotundity and parade of its language bore no relation to its activity, and at the Stuttgart Congress in 1907 Jaurès carried with him all but the Germans in the Commission on Militarism, when he charged the German Party with having abandoned the idea of revolution. Kautsky's extraordinary skill in clothing policies without results, in formulas that retained the traditional phrases of the earlier period, was then enlisted almost for the last time. The Syndicalists are of opinion that but for their philosophers Socialists would long ago have seen the necessity for a re-examination of their tactics. Yet the Syndicalists, too, have their philosophers.

The first signs of Socialist unrest were expressed in accentuated movement towards moderation. For ten long years a battle of the texts, a war of exposition, was fought between the partisans of Bernstein and the followers of Kautsky. No less an authority than Bebel himself struck a heavy blow at the tendency to regard the writings of Marx as a complete and final statement. At the Lubeck Congress of the German Party, Bebel rejected the theory that the misery of the working class was intensified, or deepened, as capitalism develops. In a notable declaration he said that Marx and Engels, ten years before the death of the former, were of opinion that the "Communist Manifesto" should be regarded in the light of an historical document, not as a guide for tactical considerations. In the last ten years of the nineteenth century and the first few years of this, almost the entire energies of German intellectuals in

the ranks of Socialism were employed in a discussion of the specific philosophy of history propounded by Marx and known as the materialist interpretation of history, to deciding the validity of Marx's theory of value, and the current accuracy of his theories of the rate of profit and the concentration of capital. The pundits of Socialism appeared to be oblivious to the criticism coming from below. The revolt against the system of electoral discipline represented by the German Social Democratic Party had already announced its presence in France, much to the discomfiture of the French Parliamentary Socialist groups. That votes, and only votes, could bring power to the working class, and that as authority passed to the democracy the centralisation of the State in industry should be pursued, were still the unqualified affirmations of most German Socialists of responsibility. Since Marx defeated Bakunin, with the exception of Johann Most, none in Germany had questioned the popular value of centralised authority. That conception, in the minds of the section of the Party which gravitated towards colonial expansion and an attenuated Imperialism was almost as austere as the pure Hegelian doctrine of the unqualified supremacy of the State.

The French Syndicalists were the first to move against these extravagances of centralisation. Rather more than sixty years ago, in the gaol into which he had been thrown on account of his opposition to Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, De Tocqueville was elaborating his thesis of social continuity. His conclusions that the Revolution preserved the more important institutions established during the Old *Régime*, and that Napoleon I had succeeded in strengthening their foundations, were greeted with astonishment. It is probably just because De Tocqueville was correct, and because France has remained a democratic society under an absolute Government, that the French Labour Movement, all through its history, has periodically thrown up groups announcing their slender faith in the virtues of centralised government and a complete absence of belief in the honesty of politicians.

The legalisation of the French Trades Unions (*Syndicats*) by Waldeck-Rousseau, in 1884, was followed almost immediately by the formation of the *Bourses du Travail*. In composition they are very similar to our local Trades

Councils, of which some hundreds are now affiliated to the Labour Party. The *Bourse* accepts the affiliation of all *Syndicats* in a town or district. A British Trades Council consists of representatives of all affiliated branches of Trade Unions in a town or district. In its meetings, which as a rule are held monthly, the Trades Council will discuss the action of the local municipal authority in its dealings with Labour, the necessities that may have arisen for some form of mutual assistance between local trades unionists, and, on rare occasions, some larger question such as the nationalisation of land, or the assumption, by the working class, of the power to control supplies. The proceedings of a British Trades Council will not often depart from this imaginary agenda.

The *Bourse du Travail* differs from an English Trades Council in one respect, and that of such importance that the outlook of the body is substantially affected. In Britain the larger part of Trades Unionism is organised on a national basis. The representatives of a branch of railway workers in a certain town will meet the representatives of other Trades Unions in the local trades Council, and in its co-operation with them will be governed by the constitution of its own national organisation. The stability which flows from contact with a national centre, in daily communication with, perhaps, some hundreds of other branches throughout the kingdom, occasions an integration of power, but erects the most formidable barriers to sporadic local action on the initiation of the branches. Hence the extreme impatience with traditional Trades Unionism on the British model entertained by certain groups to the left of the Socialist movement in all countries. The voluntary organisation of Labour, on its industrial side, assumed another form in France. With the exception of the local groups of four or five larger bodies, the *Syndicats* are not branches of national trade unions. They are just simply local self-contained organisations of workers in a particular craft. This primitive stage of Labour organisation reflects the retarded development of French industrialism, and accounts for the parochial outlook and the passion for autonomy within a narrow sphere which characterises the members of the French *Syndicats*. This preference for isolation could occupy no permanent,

unqualified place in an economic world ever more dependent upon the inter-action of its parts, and in 1893 the *Bourses*—as already explained, consisting of delegates from the local *Syndicats*—were linked together in the *Fédération des Bourses du Travail.* Side by side with this organisation, in 1895, there was formed the *Confédération Générale du Travail* which met with no considerable support until 1902, when it gained the allegiance of the *Fédération des Bourses.* The *Confédération* is composed of affiliations of local *Syndicats* in all industries, and is the recognised medium for the propagation of Syndicalist theory. In organisation it may be loosely compared to our own Federation of Trades Unions. Its membership is relatively inconsiderable when compared with the total membership of British or German Trades Unions.

What the *Confédération* and the *Fédération* lack in number, however, they more than have in originality and vigour. Refusing to permit politics to enter their discussions in their early days, they have since been led to modify that attitude by the practical impossibility of making any clear line between the industrial and political—a difficulty that will increase as the contemporary State expands until the industrial and political will at last be merged and become the element of a truly social polity. From this quarter—the *Confédération*—came the criticism, still in process of co-ordination as a body of doctrine, which caused Marxist Socialism to divide the single road of Parliamentary action it had travelled hitherto. Henceforward, the new Socialist tactics were to consist of a revolutionary dualism; political action by the democratic vote acting upon a representative assembly for the conquest of the power of the State, and industrial action through the strike, organised to fortify and strengthen the acts of the political party.

Not that the Syndicalists of the *Confédération Générale du Travail* had any faith in the political strike. As a movement in strategy they regard it with the same aversion as the out-and-out admirers of the Bolshevik method. These latter consider the idea of using industrial power, organised centrally, as a means of affecting the decision of Parliaments, as purely mythical, and this not because of any inherent strength of Parliaments, but by reason of the incapability for action inherent in vast numbers directed from

an agreed point. So flat a denial of historical teaching is startling. It carries within it the contradiction, fatal to the probability of economic revolution by pre-arranged violence, that in established States no series of local risings could gain strength enough to overthrow vital institutions. The sole possibility of sporadic local violence achieving that end depends upon those institutions being so far out of favour with the people that they fall at the pressure of a small force, far advanced in decay. On this point there is some confusion among Socialists. Even in this country a little hysteria is engendered by the belief that it is as easy to root up the Bank of England as to overthrow the Czar. The local *Syndicat* arose in a country economically backward. A country barely touched by industrialism evolves the local *Soviet* as the instrument for acquiring land and capital, as a means for the management of industry, as the director of Justice, in short, as the general executor and the sole agent of administration. The distribution of authority in order that liberty shall be preserved is a conception that is not applied in the political life of a nation until autocracy imposed from above, or dictatorship with the consent of the governed, have both been cast aside. The objections of the Russian Sovietist and the French Syndicalist to the political strike arise from their hostility to any central political authority composed in accordance with democratic principles. Both regard democracy as the political expression of economic individualism, which in actual practice becomes the private ownership of the means of wealth production.

A considerable part of the Syndicalists' polemic against political action rests upon their denunciation of the political strike. They have not criticised the innate qualities of organisations of workmen as the Russian Sovietists have done, but their aversion to all things political is far too deeply rooted to allow any compromise with Parliamentary methods such as is involved in a strike to support the demands of a political party. Indeed, they hold, as Sorel contended, that the "political general strike . . . shows us how the State would lose nothing of its strength, how the transmission of power from one privileged class to another would take place, and how the mass of the producers would merely change masters." The traditional Social Demo-

cratic conception of the conquest of the State through representative bodies, to be followed by the gradual decomposition or break-up of the State authority, is dismissed in favour of the catastrophic method of the Syndicalist general strike. The political strike, which Bebel, bending to the storm in 1906, had invoked in aid of a Socialist Parliamentary Party shorn of its strength by the firm "No" of a Chancellor, merely aims, in the opinion of the Syndicalists, at perpetuating Parliamentary rule to the advantage of Socialist politicians, then to become a new ruling class. The Syndicalist general strike, on the other hand, is accounted a spontaneous movement of the working class arising, not from thought, which is the solvent of sublimity, but from emotion, the human agent for the acquisition of freedom. It has a power to modify the mass comparable to the quest of glory in war. "It awakens in the depth of the soul," says Sorel, "a sentiment of the sublime proportionate to the conditions of a gigantic struggle; it forces the desire to satisfy jealousy by malice into the background; it brings to the fore the pride of free men, and thus protects the worker from the quackery of ambitious leaders, hungering for the fleshpots." In the same moment it is the realisation of economic justice and a positive proletarian morality.

The aims of all preceding revolutionary movements were more or less clearly defined, but the object of Syndicalism neither gained precision nor secured any formal delineation at the hands of its literary exponents. Both Anarchism and Socialism, which are akin to Syndicalism, have their clearly defined objectives. Difference only enters their ranks when questions of method are under review. Then they must confront the immediate difficulty of bringing their object nearer realisation through actual contact with life as it is. That is the rock that splits the revolutionary camp. The Syndicalists are far more concerned with methods than with aims. But there is an undercurrent of opinion running through Syndicalism, touching the future organisation of labour, which has achieved a far-reaching influence over contemporary Socialist thought. I refer to the provocative suggestions for the management of industry by the workers, which the propagandists of Syndicalism as distinct from its middle-

class exponents in literature have thrown out in a generous profusion. Not all the Syndicalists stray so far from the pure gospel of emotion. Not all will consider a means to carry on production after the social general strike is ended, in some yet undefined way, by the resumption of work on land and capital then held in common ownership. It was very widely held, and what remains of an organised Syndicalist movement still appears to hold that the occasion will construct the mechanism for production. Attention should be concentrated, it is contended, solely on exciting the workers to an appreciation of their power to dislocate society. Nevertheless, where the question of the management of industry did gain consideration, such overwhelming damage fell upon the previously accepted notions of industrial control through Government Departments that on this point also, as well as on the efficiency of political democracy, the whole tenor of Socialist thought is subject to radical change.

Before the virulent criticism which the Syndicalists turned upon the Parliamentarians there had been a tendency to tone down the Socialist statement of the class war. The antipathies of classes, arising from the separate character of their economic interests, were rather blurred over instead of accentuated as in the period when Marx's commanding authority was dominant. The general softening of the middle-class consequent upon the reduction of the Socialist assault was succeeded by singular consequences. In France the traders and manufacturers temporarily ceased to desire revenge against Germany; in Britain it accounted for the accumulated inefficiency which marked the conduct of the South African War, and it also prompted Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to promote fiscal nostrums for the economic protection of incompetent capitalists.

Having shaken the static Marxists whose immediate purpose did not go beyond an increase at the poll, the next effect of the appearance of Syndicalism was an epidemic of strikes. These served the double purpose of reviving the middle-class to combat and imposing on the Social Democrats the need for taking stock of their tactical equipment for the times. The Syndicalists, full of the idea that the social general strike bears within it the whole

of Socialism fought for their method, to the exclusion of all others. The faith of the Social Democrats in Parliamentary methods was shaken. In fact, outside Germany, in the Western Democracies, there are many Socialists looking on strikes as an absurdity and holding in abhorrence a somewhat crude view of Anarchism, who anticipated by several years all the current doubts of the worth of contemporary political institutions. True, they were the exceptions, and generally not the stuff that ardent partisans are made of. It was clear, however, that some new line had to be taken. Testimony was borne to the success of the Syndicalist criticism. The one policy which the Syndicalists had propounded in order to belabour it, because they feared it would some day be accepted by the Parliamentarians, was made an integral part of future Socialist action.

The main body of Socialist opinion being clear on the difference between Socialism and chaos, declined to trust itself to the poetic impulse of the Bergson philosophy presented by the literary exponents of the new school. It rejected the Syndicalist General Strike and adopted the strike for political purposes. After looking askance at Trade Unionism for nearly thirty years, Social Democracy resolved to call for its assistance in the struggle against established Governments. The fruits of that policy are becoming evident when the Labour Party, on the motion of a Socialist organisation, declares for the "unreserved use of political and industrial action" to force the Government to cease intervention in Russia.

It is probable that Syndicalism as a separate body of thought has already run its course and completed its work. As a distinct movement it no longer has vitality. But it lives in Socialism.

Black Men and White Women

By Stephen Black

POPULAR dislike of prophets has taught the average newspaper writer to be profoundly wise after the event. The sudden discovery that loud, obvious negroes, and silent, inscrutable Asiatics were enjoying the conjugal privileges of Britons in this "tight little island" is a case in point. For many years white colonials had shuddered at witnessing repulsive Ethiopians intimately, almost maritally, consorting with beautiful British girls in streets, in restaurants, in theatres, in night-clubs, lodging-houses, and hotels. There was no concealment of the affectionate attitude of a certain type of white female towards the brown, black, or yellow male—Negroes, in particular, are uxorious and immodest gentry. But the white colonial could go on shuddering all he knew how; he could blush with shame for his original race as many colours as there were variegated "friends" for coarse, vicious, or merely ignorant English girls; but the English Press passed by, with head erect and nostrils distended, in search of a "stunt" or "scoop" fit to "bump" the others with, or titillate the palates of Tooting and Tottenham. The *Star* found just such a tit-bit a few weeks ago. Under the heading, "Amusing Story," it told of a Kafir in France who had "committed a series of ghastly and revolting crimes," which were discovered through his singing to a banjo "a terrible song of *love*, jealousy, and revenge." I have underlined the "love," because it was doubtless that element (Kafir love for a Frenchwoman) which the *Star* found most amusing.

So far back as November 14th, 1913, I tried to arouse some interest in the subject by a column article in the *Daily Mail*, but, of course, as I was not wise after the event, nobody took the slightest notice.

It is perfectly obvious that sex relationship is at the bottom of the recent riots in Liverpool, Cardiff, and the East End of London. Returned soldiers have had quite

enough to put up with, as the result of their sweethearts going off decently married to Australians, Canadians, South Africans, etc., to submit to the degrading sight of Negro, Chinese, and other non-European caresses for the more ignorant or shameless women of their race.

For it is a curious fact that the British people have always had some inherent aversion from Negroes, despite the assistance they gave in the abolition of slavery and the freedom of their institutions in regard to natives abroad.

In 1810, when Molineaux, the Virginian Negro, fought Cribb for the boxing championship of England, a special appeal had to be made in the Press by the black man in "the confident hope that the circumstance of my being of a different colour . . . will not in any way operate to my prejudice." Nevertheless it is admitted that this prejudice did operate very considerably, so much so that Molineaux lost heart and succumbed far easier than his earlier display against Cribb could have led anyone to expect.

Twenty-five years before that a far more remarkable manifestation was given of what were Englishmen's real feelings towards Negroes. Philanthropists, scraping together recruits for the proposed Free Black Colony of Liberia, raked up all the Nova Scotian and West Indian Negroes then to be found in England, and added to their ranks *sixty irreclaimable London prostitutes*, who were sent out to be the wives of the repatriated Africans! Sensibly horrible, from a Negro point of view, as was this means of founding the new State, it jars even worse on our colonial nerves for other reasons. It is more than likely that the inspiration for the idea was supplied by the sight of the Anglicised Negroes and their prostitute paramours. Even to-day it is generally a very low type of Englishwoman who will consort with the Negro. On the side of the European it is almost invariably sheer vice which lies at the root of the Negro's repulsive attractiveness.

In describing the Negro as repulsive there is here no intention of being either unkind or critical. It is a cold statement of physiological fact, admitted by the friends of the blacks, and indeed put forward by their most responsible and intelligent writers as the real cause of all Negro misery on earth.

"Why then is the Negro so despised?" asked J. Renner

Maxwell after setting out in detail the excellent qualities of the black races. "Let truth be told," he continues. "It is because he is ugly, because his woolly pate is not so becoming as the flaxen hair of the Anglo-Saxon, because the flat nose of the Negro is more like the nasal organ of the ape than is the aquiline nose of the Aryan races, because blubber lips are not as pretty as thin ones, because a black complexion is displeasing compared with a fair or olive one."

And this full-blooded Negro writer and thinker then proceeded to show that in effect it was only the Christian Negro who had been made to feel his own hideousness, by our Christian art and the habit we have of depicting God as a European gentleman with lily-white hands; and all Godly deeds and attributes as white . . . purity, justice, victory. As a black preacher in a perfervid moment of prayer put it, "Brethren, imagine a beautiful white man with blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and flaxen hair, and we shall be like him!"

Long before the milk-white daughters of Albion brought blushes to the cheeks of their men from abroad, miscegenation was a forbidden thing. Moses got into serious trouble with Miriam and Aaron because he mated with an Ethiopian female, for do not the Scriptures say, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?"

And the poetry of

> "I am black but comely, O ye daughter of Jerusalem,
> As the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. . . ."

did not save the unhappy nigger from being made cook-general to the tribe.

Having wallowed to the full in the misery of his race, Renner Maxwell caused to be printed the following remarkable confession:—

> "I am a Negro of pure descent; I have travelled a little; I have been educated at Oxford, where students congregrate from all parts of the world; I have been at the Inns of Court, where I have also seen and formed the acquaintance of many members of the various races who are linked together by allegiance to the British Crown, but I must confess with regret that, except the Chinese, I have never seen another race approaching, even within a measurable distance, the Negro in ugliness."

Dr. Blyden a great Negro, in a passage quoted below, may have supplied Renner Maxwell with some inspiration for his theory of miscegenation as the solution of the black man's troubles:—

"The Christian Negro, abnormal in his development, pictures God . . . with the physical characteristics of Europeans, and deems it an honour if he can approximate—by a mixture of his blood, however irregularly achieved—in outward appearance at least, to the ideal thus forced upon him of the physical accompaniments of all excellence."

In 1892, Joseph Renner Maxwell, Negro, M.A., B.C.L., published his book, *The Negro Question*, now famous (or infamous) both to Negrophilists and Negrophobists. In it miscegenation was fervently advocated.

"By Grafting or Crossing," calmly said this educated Negro,

"we can have the blended inherent potentialities of the united species cultivated to their highest pitch of perfection. This process of crossing is daily applied to cows, horses, dogs, fowls, and numerous other animals."

To which Mr. Renner Maxwell wanted to add Europeans, and particularly the excellent English strain.

"If I go to the expense of importing a fox-terrier or a bulldog for the purpose of crossing with a Gambia bitch, I do not only expect the pups to in some degree resemble their male progenitor, but also to inherit at least some of his fox-terrier activity or bulldog vigilance."

And, working on this, the Negro who realised his own hideousness (I wish some others would!), went on to expound the glories of grading up the blacks by sexual intercourse with the superior races! He quoted the anæmic, Negrophilistic views of Sir George Campbell in support of his own:

"The next question is how to give practical shape to the theory propounded, and what breed of mankind are we to import into Africa to intermarry with the Negroes?"

And he immediately decided that the Negro, as being on the lowest rung of the social ladder, should intermarry

"with the races highest on the said ladder, viz., the Caucasian. . . . The fine physique of the Negro race blended with the beauty of the Caucasian race should produce a progeny both robust and beautiful. . . . If Jackson, the renowned Negro pugilist, were to marry a Caucasian beauty, there is little doubt that his children, besides being fairly pleasing to the eye, would be well able to endure the wear and tear, the strife and struggle of life."

Well, this poisonous doctrine, preached by Renner Maxwell for seventy-six pages, and to-day bearing its fruit, passed unnoticed by the Press; and this brings me to Jack Johnson, because, unlike Peter Jackson, his great pugilistic progenitor, Johnson *did* marry a Caucasian beauty. And the result? "Progeny robust and beautiful . . . able to endure the struggle of life"?

Nothing of the kind. Ignominy, boycott, and banishment for the pair; and, so far as I know, sterile misery in

France, Russia, England, Spain—driven from pillar to post searching for a haven of rest and comfort. I met and talked at some length with Jack Johnson in Paris early in 1914—he was intelligent, well spoken, and for a Negro good-looking. His manners made it quite easy for him to move among certain classes of French people, who do not share the inherent Anglo-Saxon aversion from the black races. Indeed, I once heard a "nice" French girl say ecstatically, "Oh, j'adore les Nègres!" Many of my French friends found it impossible to understand the British colonial point of view towards the Negro. In this respect I must say that I have always found a far greater similarity between English and German ideas than between English and French. In the colonies the German does not jib at miscegenation, but always as the conqueror—the male animal who takes possession of the female. The idea of such an affair being an equal match is to him repulsive.

The Latin countries, France and Spain, gave Jack Johnson a comparatively cordial reception. There he was decidedly not beyond the pale, his beautiful white wife being regarded rather as a tribute to Negro prowess and attractiveness than the reverse.

Yet Johnson was unhappy in exile, despite the adulation of French sportsmen and the uxorious glances sometimes cast at him by low, vicious females. He was intelligent enough to realise his true position, and when absent from the admiring eye of the public—something which irresistibly calls forth the simian desire to amuse which is latent in the Negro—away from this he suffered protracted bouts of depression, and longed to return to his Southern home just as much as the ordinary Negro of every other coon song is supposed to do.

In South Africa I have seen the converse of this. There we have a refined Mahomedan, not a Negro, but a man of good European features, straight hair, and skin no darker than a Spaniard's. Educated for one of the leading professions at a British university, this man in due course married a white woman of good family and took her back to Africa with him. Their life? Why try to describe it within the scope of this article? It is the theme of a colossal drama, something greater by far than a sketch like "A White Man." And supposing an Ibsen or a Gals-

worthy dramatised the tragedy? Would the managers stage it; and if they did would the critics find it of the slightest interest to their admirers in Balham and Bayswater? No . . . we should be told that people here "do not want these uninteresting exotics," and nobody would lift an eyebrow unless the production of the play synchronised marvellously with the murder of some West End Society woman by her coloured husband—if such people existed.

As I correct this proof I notice that *The Bird of Paradise* has been produced with great success at the Lyric Theatre—it is a "love play" of black and white, but the sex interest has been glorified, and the whole thing made romantic. No wonder it is a success. But let anyone show the other side!

The truth is that, despite all the chant and cant of "Empire and Imperial reciprocity," England is sublimely incurious as to what goes on in the Dominions. Just as Renner Maxwell's poisonous book went unnoticed in 1892, so has the monstrosity of importing for the war thousands of black, red, and yellow males from Africa, Asia, and America. Nobody seems aware, for instance, that the anti-Negro riots here have not the slightest significance when compared with the deeper problems now confronting South Africa as the result of her blacks being brought into physical contact with degraded Europeans. While white men were drafted to East Africa to rot with fever, chasing black Germans in the bush, black men were brought to Europe to taste for the first time the fleshpots of France and England; and to acquire the vices of civilisation. It was a damnable and idiotic thing to do, for the white troops in German East spent most of their time in hospital, and, after adding nearly £10 per head to the National Debt, left Von Lettow Vorbeck in such a position that when the Armistice came he was on the verge of a triumph which people in England thought had been theirs for years! Yet this whole colossal crime, the magnitude of which is understood by every office-boy in Africa, passes unnoticed in England, either because the national eyesight is more blurred than ever, or because the Press has been taught that the profoundest wisdom is that which comes after the event, *when it is topical.*

The Last Unscientific War

By Civis Milesque

It is now possible to think civilly of the world's greatest war, for the propaganda mind is no longer a virtue; indeed, already its directors have "done their bit" on paper from Ludendorff and Tirpitz to sky-rockets from Admirals, Sir Percy Scott and Lord Fisher, with a disquisition by Viscount French of Ypres. We can see the struggle to-day as a whole. One thing stands out. It was a war characteristically of the old school—the infantryman, plus guns. It was not *scientific*. Let us begin with a negative and declare boldly that it was probably the last unscientific war.

In this compilation it is not our object to attempt heroics, to write up or write down. Now what won the war was balance—men. When we speak of science, we mean real science, not military strategy, of which the battle of Tannenburg was the outstanding example. Militarily, the war only revealed the potentialities of science; thus, in the air, under the seas, etc. We may truly say that if the next world war is scientific, it will be catastrophic.

Among current illusions, none is more prevalent than the phrase, "Germany had prepared for the war for forty years," which, of course, is nonsense. Germany was prepared to fight France and Russia, and that is about all, the talk and swagger apart. Germany was not really prepared to fight in 1914, in the Bernhardi or *world sense*. She was just about equal to a contest with France and Russia. There is no doubt whatever (1) that had she surmised Britain would join in at full strength, (2) that eventually Americans would have a 2,000,000 army in France, (3) that the war would develop into a prolonged siege, a matter of attrition on the one side and of growing power on the other consequent on the possession of sea-power—nothing would have induced the Kaiser in July, 1914, to have thrown his glove into the armed ring. At the Marne, therefore, the Germans lost the war! The answer to that must be a qualified negative. They lost the world-war there; by no

means the European war, which on points they won at Brest-Litovsk. If an epigram is needed, it would be more correct to say that the Germans lost the war in Belgium: that is, before they started it, which is a line of thought soldiers will approve, most wars being lost or won in their process of preparation or non-preparation (see Lord Fisher's letters in *The Times*), or in their initial military-political strategy. Thus Moltke certainly won in 1870 before the war; because when it started everything clicked, from the diplomacy down to the "last strap." His rehearsed battles "came off," and there were no technical surprises. We were still anti-Boney then, and so we refrained from intervening. 1870 was a classic example of controlled preparation; in 1914 no army was scientifically abreast with the times. History will probably decide that the Germans tumbled into war; that they were militarily inadequately prepared for the death struggle of their professors; that Germany really lost the war—her Empire and dynasty—the year before the day she decided to fight, her brutality and stupidity being cosmic, hence causing an inevitable cosmic reaction.

To take up these points, for they are important. Why did the German onrush in 1914 fail, seeing that the whole plan of campaign, which undoubtedly had been carefully conceived, was based on the assumption of a short war of Napoleonic annihilation? It nearly did come off. Had the Germans masked Liége and avoided all delay in Belgium, it *might* have come off. It just failed, and for three main reasons.

The chief of these was undoubtedly the unexpected preparedness of Russia, whose mobilisation the Germans had calculated would take quite six weeks; in accordance with the cumbrous slowness of Tsarist tradition. But the "steam-roller" was surprisingly ready and in spirit astonishingly eager. Austria started out disastrously—in Serbia, in Russia; instead of being able to throw their full weight against the French, the Germans found the Russians pouring into the "Fatherland," overrunning the Kaiser's lands, threatening Königsberg; in a word, the fatal conjuncture, the bugbear of German strategy—the war on two fronts—became a reality in the first week. That division of strength lost the Germans the battle of the Marne. They

had to send back men to the Russian front. They were caught between alternatives. We may go back to our epigram, and say that Russia won the war with her intelligent anticipation: put it down to secret diplomacy.

But this leads to mind or the command, and here will be found the second reason. There was no Moltke in 1914, there was only the epigon of the "thinker of battles," the man who boasted: "We will arrest the British Army." How was this, seeing that Ludendorff, Hindenburg, and Mackensen unquestionably will rank as great Generals? The answer is the personal government of the Kaiser. Under his sway, the sycophant triumphed; the command was a Court command, and the Commanding Generals were largely the Kaiser's favourites; merit was obscured. Thus the notorious novel, *Jena or Sedan*, proved true. The upper strata of the Army were honeycombed with Princely and sycophantic placemen, to hang the Kaiser to-day for which, would really be unsportsmanlike. We owe him the benefit of the doubt—of what might have happened had Ludendorff in 1914 been in supreme command, determined to reach a decision in eight weeks on the West, regardless of the Kaiser's shooting boxes, careless of the Russian inroads, in full control of the Austro-German forces.

The young officer who denounced in his novel the old-fashioned regulations, the red-tape, the swank and savagery, the display cavalry, and the general lack of scientific training, he turned out to be the Treitschke of the world-war. The Kaiser's Army went to war under their Princes and second-class Generals; under no commanding inspiration. Desperate as their task was in 1914, against an unexpectedly ready Russian invasion, a great fighting General might have succeeded had he dug in on the Eastern front and—*known a little more* than the Kaiser's Generals did about modern warfare, especially in view of the great reverse suffered by the French in their opening move.

The third reason is proof-positive of the German unpreparedness. They were short of munitions. Clearly this disproves the forty years contention. In the first four weeks, the Germans shot off their ready supplies. The consumption of shells had not been foreseen or provided for. For their quick consuming advance, they were short of guns, munitions, and accessories. Their mobility, upon

which all was based, proved a cavalry manœuvre business; they had cycles, but few lorries, and so mobility, upon which all depended, failed: the troops outdistanced their supplies and the guns could not be adequately fed, and at the critical battle they had no reserves and were not able to assume the offensive—fortunately for the fifteen Republics. That settled the opening stages. From the battle of the Marne, the war became a siege, a question of balance. The soldiers had failed. Only statesmanship remained, but this war knocked out statesmanship. With Europe against them, the Germans could only henceforth hope to win by keeping America neutral, which they apparently thought to do by sinking the *Lusitania*. They failed egregiously. As they went into war, so they fought and lost—without an alternative.

Now, had the Germans prepared scientifically for forty years, according to the popular illusion, they could hardly have lost, and that is why we have spoken of the last of the unscientific wars. As a fact, this was a soldiers' war throughout, unique in this respect that for the first time the nationhood behind was as actively engaged as the manhood at the front in the service of war, munitions becoming a State war industry and the whole productivity of the belligerent nations an orgy of profit gambling on credit. Instead, therefore, of the usual symptoms of war—misery, high taxation, poverty—war at the back became a financial orgy. Mr. Norman Angell saw his philosophy of peace "*spurlos versenkt.*"

Now, had the Germans studied war scientifically instead of by the copy-book, they would have got hold of a couple of the best electricians, engineers, scientists, and Wells-ian minds and assigned them to the General Staff. These civilians would have wanted first of all to know the business, having naturally read Bloch, the Polish writer on war, who had explained all about trenches and the superiority of the modern projectile for defence with the virtual elimination of strategy. They did know about machine-guns, but they had not grasped their offensive potentiality, nor had they at all realised the power of the mobile gun. All this a true scientific staff would have quickly spotted. They would have formulated their plan something like this. If the objective is Paris and the defeat of France *before*

Russia can become effective, then overwhelming superiority in attack is indispensable. This means mobility. This again means an Army on wheels. A million Germans must be whisked through Belgium into France in twenty-four hours, supported by a second million in reserve. The staff of the Moltkes would have objected, of course, but the *scientific* staff would have provided proof with the vehicles, and perhaps gas demonstrations on dogs. In short, when war came in 1914, the Germans would have gone to war on wheels with ten times the number of machine-guns they did actually possess, ten for every one gun they had, and a thousand times the number of shells of all kinds, and their Army would have been at least half a million stronger numerically. They would have had a mobile army of tanks or armoured cars, gas, bombs, and all the appliances gradually introduced, and instead of cavalry they would have had a corps of 50,000 airmen, who would have opened with a crashing air attack on Paris. With this armoured gas and shell vomiting machine they could have ignored Belgium and have blown through anything. Strategy was not needed. The machine would have done the work, just a vast armoured machine, moving forward with overpowering fire-superiority. But fortunately the Germans were not scientific. They went to battle on the old lines of movement, attacking forts, relying on a *tour de force* of infantrymen, thinking like "Fritz" or Kluck side-stepping in a Kaiser-manœuvre. Their "forty years'" preparation was really drill, of which no doubt they had their surfeit. They charged the *couronne de Nancy;* their fire superiority was not determinative; they allowed themselves to be stayed in Belgium; and when they advanced they were short of the indispensable material of their problem.

In reality, when the war broke out the Germans were just an appreciable point in advance of the French, though their field-gun was inferior, in technical and tactical matters, and so in a war of surprises there were no surprises. For the Greeks used flame, smoke or gas, chariots or tanks, and the Romans knew all about position and disposition, trenches, mortars, bomb-throwing. The great German potential was the submarine—had they known it, say, one year before 1914, but evidently they had discounted Britain as a decisive force. Their war-statesmanship was bad from start

to finish, in fact their only policy was force. Instead of heading for Calais in order to hold the Channel, they made spectacularly for Paris, thereby losing the sea. Yet, as Lord Fisher has said, the German Navy was defeated before the war. It could not come out, so immeasurably stronger were we in guns and ships. They had been outbuilt. Their one sortie was brilliant tactically, but strategically ineffective.

Our sea-power, plus the New World, won the war, made it a foregone conclusion from February 8, 1917, the date of America's entry. That needs stating. And Lord Fisher is equally right when he declares that to-day there being no enemy, construction should be suspended. The future of the Navy lies under and over the seas.

Ditto the surface Army.

Certainly the cavalry of the future will be airmen, and the next great war may witness cavalry air attacks of 300,000 men, which, if so, will again bring back war to men with an air copy-book. But, as the eye of the future Army will be in the air, so must *mobility* move accordingly. On the surface this leads to wheels and armour. Twenty years hence an invading Army will advance at the rate of twenty miles an hour—in some form of armoured vehicle. There is no limit to the destructiveness of future war if science is "called in" and applied; if flying, diving ships whisk about at fifty knots an hour, and flying tanks convey a million men across the Rhine, masking Verdun *en route*, for Paris and the ports.

Forts are an anachronism, as is everything "fixed," hitherto so dearly beloved of pipeclay. As we leave ground, we quit the books, we mobilise the laboratory. Whither will it lead us? What engines of destruction will the quiet men who work in "stinks" not discover for those who think by the map? We shall fight in sheets of flame, in clouds of poison; we shall electrocute and depolarise with rays and projections, in collusion with the "jelly" of the air; we shall summon to our aid the elemental energy of the atom. The Germans had their opportunity, perhaps their last opportunity. They willed the war, and got it, but they certainly did not go to war scientifically: they set forth like Moltke, minus the presiding mind, or Hannibal without his elephants. Fortunately, soldiers are rarely scientists; it is not their job. If Tirpitz, for instance, had at all realised

in 1914 the significance of submarines, he would have dissuaded the Kaiser from war until he had some 400 boats ready himself to do a blockade, and that, associated with the successful occupation of Calais, might have had terrible results for us. It is a fact that German prisoners complained that tanks were "not fair," so wooden is the military mind. Our own "red Tabs" fought the tanks for a long time, just as in the Navy they fought oil. Simplicity is the soldier's virtue. He abominates "inventions," and so we saw Mr. Churchill send out the *Queen Elizabeth* to destroy (*sic*) the Dardanelles forts, while at the Battle of Jutland only about six ships of Sir John Jellicoe's fleet were completely fitted with director firing, main and secondary, and, owing to the low elevation, his guns were actually outranged. On the other hand, had the Germans possessed a hundred good Zeppelins in 1914, they could have "put London out" before we could have organised our defence, and again our Navy were loth to use Zepps. as "eyes" for a very long time.

War, as practised, has preserved its rigid or professional characteristics, happily enough, which is probably the reason why science has had so little to do with its preparation. But that day seems to have gone, with the Huns. Science bulks formidably now. It scorns the surface. The scientist deals in results, not battles with their unknown factor, the other man, which is, of course, the lure—and the glory. Man *versus* man, that is the spirituality of patriotism, of history, as it is written, of civilisation. But the scientist will think in energy. His gas will descend upon the enemy with the density of a London fog.

The singular thing about the Germans is that, though they undoubtedly kept in prospect a world-war years before it happened, though their Army was in the old sense supremely efficient, though presumably they were conscious of the penalty of failure; yet they started out in ignorance of modern fighting conditions. They had not grasped the power of the defence or trench warfare; they were astonished at their own losses; they were wholly unprepared for a long war, as we know from their inability to withstand the Blockade which slowly strangled them; and they greatly underestimated the fighting quality of the troops they were to obliterate, including our own small contingent of Horatian

"contemptibles." That is some faultiness, we may well say. Put it in another way, the case of our Navy. Now, though it is true that we stuck to coal in preference to oil, had open ammunition hoists, no air "eyes," inadequate director firing, and an imperfect "anti-sub." defence, we were, in our position as mistress of the seas, without a doubt infinitely more ready to defend our claim, quantitatively and qualitatively, than was the German Army equal to its self-imposed task, *i.e.*, of pulverising France before Russia could become effective, given the very limited aid we in the time could have rendered. What might have happened had the Germans respected Belgian neutrality is matter for conjecture, but the fact remains that little Belgium did stop the onrush, badly blacked the eye of the German command and upset their plan of operations. Thus they started badly—got fired at by friends, so to speak, on the way—politically and militarily. They lost their cause in attacking Belgium, and this made them lose their heads. In their second wind, the Germans were really more formidable than when they started, but by that time the French had got their second wind—Pétain's model—and we had become the potential. How after the Somme in 1916 the German Staff must have regretted its neglect of the concept of sea power, after smashing up their Army in a death struggle for—a fort!

Luck was general. Our blunder in allowing the *Goeben* to enter the Dardanelles was a capital one, for Turkey would hardly have entered the war without the persuasiveness of the *Goeben's* guns. Moreover, junction with Russia was of vital importance to us, and would almost of a certainty at that time have proved determinative. For Austria-Germany could have been choked. Turkey's subsequent part in the war must be ranked as highly important.

Germany's scientific dreams never realised because they had not been perfected when war broke out, and because the Command attached only relative importance to them. Thus Zeppelin's fleet was not ready when we were defenceless, nor were the submarines. Militarism in 1914 had only begun to take up science. The vanity of field glory was still in overwhelming ascendancy. The bacteriologist, the chemist, the electrician, the engineer, the scientist had little to say in the preparations for the Day because war to the

Germans was the monopoly of a class interest. The truth is that the world-war caught the Germans unprepared, the most they had visualised being a European war, assisted by a small British Army, which was to last six months.

Prince Henry's visit to Ireland in 1914 was obviously a mission of "intelligence," from which he returned no doubt highly satisfied; we know that he reported "all safe in Britain," and, of course, the Germans knew that the Russian revolution was timed for August, 1914. Diplomatically the hour seemed propitious; it was militarily that the Germans failed. They had not enough men, guns, or munitions to "march through." In other words, the Great General Staff had quite underrated the defensive power of modern guns, thus failing in their particular job, which was to ascertain the exact number of men, guns, and shot required to smash through a million and a half men in, say, four weeks from the start. For that was the problem, failure implying Bernhardi's alternative.

The truth is that the Germans, like Napoleon, failed to grasp the significance of sea-power, and so failed to use their fleet, assisted by the then despised submarine, at the critical moment; which, as events have shown, was clearly at the start, when our Fleet was "out" sailing around inadequately prepared for under-surface attack and, as previously stated, with a highly vulnerable spot owing to open hoists, with the serious consequences of the "back flash." At Jutland we found the German ships difficult to sink, for they had been stoutly planned for their job. It was worth the risk. Had the German ships taken it, at least they would not lie to-day at the bottom of Scapa Flow.

In sum, it was Russia, who was surprisingly ready in 1914, who was the decisive balance of that year, for the German failures at Ypres were due to their shortage of men, guns, and shells contained on and transported to what was then their dangerous front. Austria had let them down badly. Ypres was Germany's fighting chance. She lost it —on both fronts. We can assuredly write her failure indelibly on this nation's scroll of honour.

One other point—propaganda. In a real sense, propaganda won the war. The corollary of Nurse Cavell was the "Kadaver" stunt. It clinched things. Lafayette, the *Lusitania*, Captain Fryatt, Nurse Cavell—these were our

victories in the opening stages. The Germans forgot that war is the continuation of diplomacy, though they were continually shouting the fact to the world. "We shall always be cads," remarked the captive German officer. He was pretty near the mark. For the Germans believed in their terrorism. It was their boast, their policy. They actually thought they could cow British seamen into funking the sailing of their ships. Here we have revelation of national character. It failed in its inception of war as it inevitably failed in its misfortune. The greatest surprise to the direction—though not to the fighting soldier—was the end.

The tanks did the terrorism, *i.e.*, a little applied science, notably civilian. Tanks on half-empty stomachs are terrible things, especially when Bolshevism lurks behind. Our August tank attack settled the war, though there was one fearful moment in connection with the American Argonne attack, and had the Germans had the nerve to attack on the French wing the position might have been reversed. True, the Germans extricated themselves with consummate skill, staved off disaster, but their moral was shattered; it was a collapse. The rest was—Bolshevism or Jena the second. Under the genius of Foch, the German Armies bite the dust.

Is there a moral? Undoubtedly; for war will now have to be re-studied. The great war ended just when science was beginning. Civilisation will have to choose either to find some scientific equation for peace or to organise scientifically for war.

The real vulnerability to-day lies at the back. Thus starvation unquestionably ended the war a year earlier than would have been the case on full home stomachs. In the future the objective will be the enemy's towns or munition sources, which destroyed, would neutralise the Armies automatically. This will be the scientists' job. Once man can mobilise natural energy, he can destroy *ad lib.* Such then is the prospect. Science will probably be the real League of Nations. Otherwise the atomic war will come.

Of this we can be reasonably certain. The future General Staff of bidders for world-hegemony will be men of the laboratory, thinkers not of "battles" in feathered hats, but of elemental agencies and abominally scientific—visitations.

Exchange and Exports

By Major C. H. Douglas

In the welter of economic propaganda served up to us, like the powder in the jam, with our morning and evening prize-fight, murder, and motor-bandit thrills, and labelled the news, it will no doubt not have escaped the observant that a certain group of features recur and are inter-connected.

They are broadly the "necessity" for super-production in general (not of specific articles such as houses, clothes, more and better travelling facilities, but just "increased production" without any pettifogging details), the "necessity" along with this of consuming less than ever, *i.e.*, lowering the standard of living; and the "necessity" of enormously increased exports, in order to "restore the exchange." The general bearing of the first two of these has been examined in this Review (in December, 1918, and August, 1919.)

It is necessary in passing to point out a curious circumstance. In spite of the fact that, broadly speaking, nearly every action which takes place in the civilised world is either inspired by money or has some relation to money; notwithstanding the plain evidence of the senses that 75 per cent. of the business world lives for money, works for money, dreams of money, and will die and condemn millions of others to death for money, not one person in ten thousand, at a very conservative estimate, has any grasp of the real relation of money to goods and services, and still less any conception of the method by which modifications in the money system can and do divert the current of productive energy supplied by skill, science, and labour into alternative channels of enterprise, with not less certainty, and quite possibly as the result of at least equal prevision, as the manipulation of more concrete materials by the civil engineer may modify the course of a great river.

As a result of this the blatant contradictions of the financial propaganda just mentioned largely escape comment. For instance, the fact that the "adverse" exchange

as between this country and America operates as a 20 per cent. *ad valorem* protective tariff in favour of all British manufactures, is surely not without its grim humour when it is remembered that the policy of super-exports does, on the whole, emanate from quarters clamouring for high import tariffs. Nor does it seem to occur to the propagandists that if every country economised there would be no markets.

But these are side issues. The important point to grasp is that the problem of exchange is a problem which is raised solely by the treatment of money as a commodity in itself, quite apart from what it represents, and that because of the immensely powerful interests behind the whole system of money broking and credit issue, an attempt is being made once more to fasten on the world at large, and this country in particular, a form of society which, in combination with an international political system forming its complement, is directly responsible for the misery and unrest in the world to-day.

It is not too much to say that the whole future of this civilisation is involved in this matter. If the super-production-for-export policy gets its way, nothing can possibly save the world from an early, final, and cataclysmic war between continents, except an equally cataclysmic class war between the controllers of production with their dupes, and the consuming community. Under the present system of unregulated currency and credit, administered in their own interests by international groups of financiers and super-industrialists, the cost of living measured in terms of intensity of effort will rise, and the standard of life measured in terms of security, leisure, and freedom will fall until the crash comes.

So much for the ultimate result of the policy—more arguments could be adduced, but the foregoing will serve. Let us now glance at the motives behind this policy. Stripped of the mystery with which bankers and financiers surround it, exchange is really a simple enough matter. The Exchange broker regards different sorts of money as different varieties of merchandise; subject to the pure laws of barter. As a result, the "price" of the money of any specific variety, *e.g.*, English pounds sterling expressed in terms of the money of any other variety, *e.g.*, American

dollars, varies directly as the dollar demand for English pounds, and inversely as the quantity of English pounds available. That is all. Now this clamour for super-exports as a means of "stabilising" exchange is based on a desire to raise the price of the English pound in the international money market for exactly the same reason that the fruit merchant wants to raise the price of plums in the fruit market—because there is more profit for him. *It is not based on a desire to increase the purchasing power of the consumer expressed in terms of American goods, because the demand that American goods shall not be allowed to enter this country comes from the same quarter.* It is fairly obvious, therefore, that we do not have to look very far for a business reason for the exchange aspect of the propaganda.

There is, of course, no strong objection even to a very limited and somewhat suspect class deriving benefit from such an operation if it is not at the expense of someone else. Let us, therefore, examine the immediate effect of the policy on the community, granting for the moment the unwarranted assumption made by the super-exporter that there is an ample market for his goods.

It must be borne in mind that we are told insistently that not only must we consume less in the aggregate, but we must on no account consume foreign goods. Now, it is not questioned that these exports must be balanced by something having an equivalent exchange value, and as this something is not to be allowed to come into the British *ultimate consumers'* market, and so lower prices, it is clear that it must take the form of raw material for manufacture for re-export. So that the whole policy can be summed up, from the ordinary citizen's point of view, as a proposition that less and less of the work of his hands and brain shall remain in the country of its origin, and that whatever is received in exchange for it, so far from raising the standard of living and leisure, and the opportunities of self-development and legitimate enjoyment, shall be merely the vehicle of ever-increasing toil and monotony in order that a comparatively small group of—in the public sense—incompetent administrators may retain control of an industrial machine they did not build and do not really understand.

The Pendulum

By Austin Harrison

To most people, of course, politics are a nuisance and, at best, a secondary pursuit. Till quite recently women have ignored the subject, smiling when the word was mentioned, looking at the discussions on the "situation" as perhaps a necessary plaything of man in his more sensitive and imaginative qualities of creation; but with the women's movement this feminine detachment from life passed into active and intelligent participation. All the same, politics to the general mean pretty well what we infer in our enjoyment of the word Mesopotamia. Politics are glu-glu, like water coming out of a bottle, and politicians are the stoppers of bottles. We buy them for their brand—in the mass they form an "entire"; we take them out when we want a drink; sometimes, when the corks rot or won't come out, we break the bottle's neck.

"Sack the lot!" cries out Lord Admiral Fisher, and very obviously of deliberate purpose, and the hortation raises a laugh. A ripple passes through the auditorium; here and there a man cares, otherwise it is merely a newspaper sensation, which in consequence is the *de facto* power of our democracy. Politics are really a mechanism for the adjustment of interest, and so, in an island such as ours, free from boundaries with their constant military fear, inured to compromise, trained and grown up on "form" or style, we naturally slid publicly into two Parties, or expressions of opinion; the one vested in Feudalism or possession, the Tories; the other moving with idea, pooled in the concept of Liberalism. It worked admirably for decades, producing automatic ups and downs, and many doughty and noble leaders. It worked because, if it had not, there would have been no politics, for there was no "Labour," no extremism, no position to lose or take, and the whole spirit of the game was essentially polite and sonorous.

Politics as played by the "bucks," had style and so a standard. Men did not lie. Lord Salisbury, for instance, would never have told a public lie. It was a "closed" game, no doubt, of class and interest, but the referee was never mobbed. Out of it grew the legend of the English gentleman abroad, which was a force from Amsterdam to Patagonia.

And that condition lasted up to the Boer War, when there came a crash. From that time the Press acquired the power. The politicians "wrote the leaders." The attack on Free Trade smashed what remained of the old standards. Commercialism was supreme. The "cash" imperialism of Cecil Rhodes created the "cash" Press, *pari passu* with the "cash" nobleman. Politics became wirelessed from newspaper offices. There appeared a new type, Mr. Lloyd George—"Limehouse," Marconi, and, with the Trust, the newspaper Baron. When the war came, the newspapers were already the central control in the land. They control by hero-worship, the only difficulty being a right focus. The new system works very similarly to the magic illusion box. Thus the Press—or three newspaper proprietors who want a certain policy, say—in control of the multitude, must control their "object," or he might control the multitude, and in this way there is undoubtedly an adjusting equation. Beyond all question the Press ran the war. Mr. Lloyd George was the ideal "object," and that is why he was "put in." He could carry out. He did carry out. Fleet Street to-day is, Baronially, the new "field of the cloth of gold."

"No, my Lord!"—or, rather, "Yes, my Lord!" we say to the modern vendor of news, for woe to the man who contradicts the controller of advertisement, people, and politicians. Woe to him! as in the case of the "young American," Mr. Bullitt. Here we have politics up to date, cause and effect, The mistake the politicians made was in thinking "young Bullitt" was "only a journalist." (They only respect the newspaper owner or Baron.) And so they have got "caught out." Mr. Bullitt is of independent means. He need not be bought. Cash is not his snaffle—he has enough of his own. And what do we find? "You're a

liar." "And you are another." Mr. Bullitt *versus* the British Cabinet. The "young" American exposing fearlessly the hypocrisy and littleness of the politicians protected by a secretary.

It is worth the public's while examining this matter, for politics mean *life*, and may be death to-day, just as credit is gold but may prove copper. I met this "young" American two or three times. He struck me as a cultivated, well-informed University American, who went forth to crusade for Mr. Wilson's League of Nations and retired in a memorable letter owing to the President's failure to "trust democracy." Documents, facts, and all evidence at the time support Mr. Bullitt, who, as a capitalist, can hardly be a Bolshevist. He deposes before the Senate, and we hear that Mr. Lloyd George said "it was *pure madness*" to try and crush Bolshevism "by force"; and again Mr. Lloyd George said that "Koltchak was collecting the old *régime* around him and would seem at heart a Monarchist"; and then the Prinkipo memorandum was drawn up, committing Britain and America to peace with Russia. It was thrown down because the French opposed it violently. Then Mr. Bullitt was sent to Lenin with British approval, returning with a reasonable peace offer. Mr. Bullitt then breakfasted with Mr. Lloyd George and submitted the proposal. Mr. George said, holding a copy of the *Daily Mail:* "As long as the British Press is doing this kind of thing, how can you expect me to be sensible about Russia?" A week later in Parliament Mr. Lloyd George denied that there had been any proposal of peace or dealings with Lenin, except "a suggestion that there was some young American who had come back."

Yet this "young" American had breakfast with Mr. Lloyd George in the presence of General Smuts, Sir Maurice Hankey, and a secretary. Mr. George had said "How can I be sensible" if the Press do "this sort of thing?" But why continue? The whole incident is repulsive and vulgar. Indeed, the "wee three" are rapidly undressing themselves *coram populo*. President Wilson declares he was not informed of the Secret Treaties—Mr.

Balfour says he was kept informed of all Secret Treaties. Whom are we to believe? This time I am inclined to accept the word of Mr. Balfour. But what a "disgust!" as the elder sister says to Wilfred aged seven. The fortunes of the world hang on these truly "wise" men. Yet they cannot even agree not to disagree publicly. They lie. "How can I be sensible if the Press does this sort of thing?" There we have the cue and the clue of the whole Paris failure. The great man that the people fondly imagine thinks out great things and drives on to achievement, is in reality the vane of opportunism, the hero-marionette of the newspaper Barons, holding the *Daily Mail* in his hand.

"How can I be sensible?" Such is the confession of our Prime Minister with the world lying at his feet, and tens of millions of men of principle aching for a little truth, a touch of sincerity, just a sob of Christianity. Over vast tracts of Europe there are black patches, marked "famine"; covering millions of people; vast other tracts are livid, marked "semi-hunger"; three-quarters of the entire map are spotted; standing for "subnormal production, underfed population, revolution, chaos, disease." Seven million men have died, and the victorious Prime Minister cries out: "How can I be sensible?" Everywhere prices are scandalous, and they are rising. Everywhere the workers are acquiring and assuming economic and political responsibility. We talk feebly of a League of Nations, while the situation in Ireland is far worse than it ever was in Alsace-Lorraine under the Germans. We talk of the League of Nations and hand over Syria to France "to keep her quiet," while breaking national faith with the Arabs. "How can I be sensible?" Incidentally, we pocket Persia, while President Wilson denies all knowledge of the Secret Treaties. Mr. Churchill announces our retirement from Russia when the whole Army knows that the plan is (or was, or may be, or will again be) a retirement through Petrograd, for which purpose General Ironside was sent out. We egg on the Letts, Lithuanians, Esthonians, and even Germans to fight Bolshevism until the Esthonians discover that Denikin is "our" man, not self-determination, and promptly refuse to move. General Gough and his staff come back

enraged at the low game they were asked to play. We deceive our Allies and ourselves. Naturally, "How can I be sensible?"

What a confession! Imagine Pitt so speaking, or Wellington, or Palmerston, or Disraeli, or Gladstone, or Salisbury! Sure, we cannot imagine such poverty of mind and character in the nation's builders. What then of the future? I do not mean the five million secretly paid-for broad sheet, or "broadside," "lawn-tennised" on to the public in the shape of an *Evening Standard* pinafore for those who really have not got a grandmother to ask about the sucking of eggs. That is a last resort, as it is clearly a profiteer's tip. I fancy the Carnarvon Boroughs won't like that kind of bugaboo. "Who pays for the dope?" well inquires the *Daily Express*. We ought to know that. For the sheet is not a paper; it is propaganda, personal propaganda. It is the Government "getting it back" on the Press. The marionette is a rebel. He won't dance any more to that tune. "I'll be a newspaper Baron," and so *The Future* is born, a song without words, if words still possess any meaning at all. I don't mean that waste-paper. I ask: What is to be the future if the controllers of our fortunes admit that they "cannot be sensible"?

This is politics—the after-dinner subject of conversation that bores the women and helps a man to relish his pipe. As a rule, we can afford to "leave it to the gang," but to-day politics are the forces that mould our life and will decide our future. We simply cannot stand aside and let things "rip" now that we know what manner of men our masters are. All Europe to-day stands in the throes of chaos. On all sides there is a breakdown, political, social, economic. Yet literally *we have no policy*. The only policy is Mr. Lloyd George's secretly paid-for newspaper, *The Future*, or, in plain words, "Shall I get back to power or not?" That is our policy. The Coalition has obviously been spiked in the Premier's Brotherhood oration, which incidentally has roused the French to alarm over this Messianism. Liberalism is searching for principle; the Tories are obsolete; only Commercialism knows its own mind

with its working partner, Labour, who, however, wants to be partner. These are the two surviving forces in the land plus the Press. Politics have suddenly become economics. More than that. They are becoming, in a real social sense, ethics.

Internationally, the League of Nations is unquestionably an attempt to formulate an ethic, however feeble its beginnings or attempted beginnings may be, no matter how worthless the existing model. It is a start. If Paris was "worth a mass," the League is worth a trial, if only because the only alternative is war. Nationally, the new Labour demand is ethical in spirit. Man is no longer to be a mere bought worker. His humanity is to be recognised, even his opportunity. This is new. If carried through, it will revolutionise society, civilisation, the home. Both these ideals are politics and can only be approached and solved through politics. And so we find the international political idea becoming economic, while the economic national idea becomes political. Both can only come about through great travail born of sincerity. They are the play or battle ground of the future, and those who fight for them will have to be wholeheartedly sincere: creators, crusaders. Such is the outlook. It is white or black, according to opinion or according to a man's bank account. But at least it is real. It is a fight worth taking on. Only realisers will make good.

Because this time of transition in which we are cast is, and must be, a movement of realities. Men will want the goods, not sermons; results, not promises; life, not retrogression. Stagnation there cannot be, for stagnation must lead us all—all Europe—into bankruptcy. The new movement will, therefore, move somehow and towards something. An objective will be necessary. Politicians will find that mere positionism is not enough; policy will thus have to be real. And that means sincerity, conviction, enthusiasm. It is Britain's difficulty. "How can I be sensible?" cries the Prime Minister, holding in his hand the *Daily Mail*. So he tries another newspaper Bart., perhaps as prelude to another coupon election. But there are portents. "Sack the lot!" roars Lord Fisher, who has not

spoken since he refused to share Mr. Churchill's mania for "playing soldiers" with ships. A V.C. denounces our miserable financier's campaign against Russia, as a sailor already has done. Even in Service clubs they are "fed up." The Trades Union Congress was far more like a Parliament than anything seen at Westminster since the bogus election. Now journalism has turned (turned out editors, anyway). Where are we going to? The Holy Supreme Council at Paris is palpably misfiring, but there is no Talleyrand, for the President is fighting for life. If he fails, what? Chaos and perdition. Is there a policy? Not yet. Can we continue much longer without one? Not much longer. What then are we to do? The answer is that the future lies in our own hands.

Somebody must be sensible, that is all, or, like the wretched Constantinople dogs who were shipped to Prinkipo and left there to starve, we shall all drift towards Mr. Bullitt's island, as it should be renamed, if America takes over the desired Mandate. True, the *Daily Mail* may rescue us. Or Mr. Smillie may assist. Or—by no means impossible—Mr. Lloyd George himself may recant and "stunt" back on the shoulders of Labour, to carry out a Levy on Capital. Certainly, the chorus way will no longer serve, nor will the Coalition pill, or the "You're a liar" way. If any man wants to understand the danger of the old way, the diplomacy of secrecy, the game of subterfuge and evasion as played by Ministers of all countries—a policy which led inevitably to war—let him read Lord Loreburn's judicial examination of facts in his book, *How the War Came*. There we have the cause of war. It is a shattering indictment. Unless men alter that condition, no League of Nations will prevent war or effect any real change. I cannot think that men and women—and women are the new balance in politics to-day—will revert to conditions which must bring about a second Armageddon as surely as they brought about the late one. With secret diplomacy there can be no control—that is the problem—hence no understanding. Yet this is precisely what is going on in the secret Council at Paris day by day, and when a thing or two is exposed, some Minister or secretary puts on

the wires: "You're a liar." But Mr. Bullitt spoke the truth; he can be sensible; he is independent. And these men are our masters—masters of the world, and though there are only three of them they are unable apparently to agree even upon the public form of truth or untruth suitable for publication. No wonder they cannot be "sensible"!

"Sack the lot!" shouts the veteran sailor, but how? There is no director firing in politics. On the contrary, they've got the ships, they've got the men, they've got the money too. And now they've got the newspaper. Where is the chucker-out? Also this. What then? We ought to know that first. If not Parties, we must have a policy. We must be able to say this or that leader stands for something; we can hardly vote on the "man who won the war" show again, because things are really serious and there are really serious spots in the world to-day: thus, Shantung, Syria, Ireland, Prinkipo, Esthonia, India, Afghanistan, etc.; and serious men, thus: President Wilson, Lenin, D'Annunzio, Kelly, V.C., and Smillie, Clemenceau, and Mr. Bullitt. And Lord Northcliffe, or the Press. And this. We cannot budget yet because we are spending daily twice what we make. Policy thus clearly must be economics, Admiral Fisher's "lot." It is no use talking of the League of Nations until we have leaders who at least *think* they can be sensible; who won't need to lie when questioned, who do understand that a sovereign which is worth under ten shillings cannot be made into two sovereigns' worth by reducing its value to five shillings. The needed policy is wholesale economy. Right and left the order should go forth: sack, economise. All hotels, all women in uniform, all limpets, all the great staffs, all Government contracts, all propaganda—this should be stopped in a week. Then the Army should be cut down to £110,000,000 a year—now. The Navy could be given a year's holiday—no coal to be burnt (there is no enemy, therefore a fleet in being is mere waste of money). At once quite £600,000,000 could be cut out of the estimates; should be cut out now. That would be a start. The next thing is the social programme, that is, the new equation for Labour. Here the Government would begin by knocking

off all subsidies and facing the land or agricultural problem, which really reduces itself to this. Are we to be Protectionist for a military or wheat basis, or not? If not, what? What about the farmer? He is far more important than the silly toymaker, shrieking dumping, when there is nothing from Germany to dump, and cannot be because the Treaty of Paris has completely crushed German industry, so much so, in fact, that to-day we are suffering from the effects of good revenge or bad markets.

You cannot buy Sterne's favourite literary allusion, for instance, under some awful price because of the embargoes, and in consequence there is Prinkipo now in the family. It will lose Mr. George the vote next time, sure enough. Prices! He never thought of that! An election in a time of soaring prices is bad business. It will prove so. Eight million new votes: women, they are on earth, the women. "Never mind Mr. Bullitt, we want cans and pans," they will reason; "we can't pay 1*s.* 4*d.* for a tumbler just to please Mr. Somebody's new industry." They will vote Fisherwards to "sack the lot." But will there be an election? Perhaps not, in which case chaos will culminate. Chaos is not a state and cannot be the State; it must end some day. Here we can be optimistic, for we are nearing conclusions; we cannot be far from the worm's turning-point, and any Government which was not senile would be preferable to one that cannot be sensible. Not to be sensible with the world *in extremis* is criminal as well as idiotic. Politics can't be played in that key for long, even with the aid of a five million newspaper gratis. That is Prinkipo or the Constantinople dogs dying of hunger. Read Sterne. See Carlyle, Mr. Bullitt, or Lord Fisher. All that is old politics, dying of inanition, the vomit of the Old Order. If only we could buy cheap pans, we could start on the New Order and "sweep the cobwebs up." We have the brushes and brooms, but still no pans. When we have our "Brotherhood" prices we can begin.

Begin what? Begin with sincerity, return to principle, and to some standard of public honour. That is the essential. To go to Prinkipo. To settle something—Ireland

and what we mean by a League of Nations. To find out if we mean anything at all, and, if so, what we intend to do with the Secret Treaties upon which Europe has been re-grouped, re-armed, re-capitalised, and re-Balkanised. We shall have to find out about this because of the deepening chaos which is the real cause of the high prices, low output, and high "raw" that so frighten the Federation of British Industries, if they only knew it; only could be got to see the causal nexus between credit and political stability, and the relation between man and his mechanism, which is the stumbling-block to super-production. Itself an obvious illusion, super-production necessarily being useless production, *ergo* unsaleable. They must think it out again. Controlled production is what we need to tide Europe over the five years of transitional aftermath, that is, utilitarianism, co-operation, internationalism, even in credit. Similarly with nationalisation. If it is a just *human* demand, it will come, because the new era will be based on opportunity, limited only, quite conceivably, in regard to individual wealth. That question will depend how far a Government can be sensible or not, and that is why politics to-day are the very bread and margarine of our digestions. We cannot stand aside and treat these things as secondary, as already the housewife has seen. All the by-elections show it. Mr. Henderson sits once more in Westminster, no caller "on the mat." The "great big wheel keeps turning," backwards now, moving, let us hope, towards principle and public decency, sincerity and sense. The Pendulum! Yes. Will the Prime Minister catch its recoil and try to "split" Labour in another omnibus or ticket *razzia?* It may well be. Yet it will not matter. *Conditions control: facts.* The problem is no longer men or the machinations of placemen and secretaries, but conditions and their solution. To tackle these the country needs men of truth, conviction, sincerity. It had them in the soldiers. It will find them anon in the new politicians.

"Life" and Other "States"

By Sesamy

When educated persons of average intelligence are asked to define what is meant exactly by "Life," they, thinking only of human beings who are physically and mentally sound, generally make reply in some such form as this: "It is due to a Soul or a Spirit that survives bodily death." When reminded of Ecclesiastes, chap. iii., v. 19, people try to get out of the difficulty by asserting that "beasts" are without Soul or Mind.

Le Bon or Le Dantec held that Life was a "surface accident" in the thermal history of our planet; but, putting aside all questions of when and where, or how and why it originated, let us examine the circumstances in which "Life," as we know it in ourselves and in other mammals, is possible. The man-in-the-street, in his common-sense way, declares that food is requisite for the keeping together of Body and Soul; men in dry sandy deserts die of thirst; confined in a crowded hole they perish from want of fresh air; if the thermometer rises or falls 100° above or below freezing-point, death soon ensues; and a careful consideration of all the facts drives us to the conclusion that, between well-known limits of temperature, and barring accident or disease, the continued existence of the *state* (or condition) called "Life" depends upon a proper supply of three purely physical things, viz.: food, moisture, and oxygen, in the absence, for long, of any one of which "Life" ceases, both in man or beast.

Suppose, for argument's sake, that "Life" were due to some kind of mixture or compound of body with the water, or breath, or spirit, or blood of life—whatever these may be—it cannot be seriously maintained that "Life" is any *one* of these singly; so all that can be stated with certainty about a subject of which so little is known or understood is that "Life" is a *state* or a condition only. This may appear a small point, but its importance has been over-

looked; for, as it is not possible to separate a state from anything of which it happens to be the state, it follows that "Life" cannot exist apart from Body!

John Locke, 230 years ago, warned his readers against the danger of mistaking *words* for *things;* and that danger is still in our midst. Moreover, there is no doubt that much of our own stupid modern muddle-headedness is due to want of clear thinking on the part of some scientists who persistently mistake *states* for what they pretend are entities—or for such "substance" as Mind or Soul is supposed to consist of; but there is no necessity for inventing similar "substances" when once we realise that there is no such thing as mind, for the simple, yet sufficient, reason that Mind is not a "thing," being merely the state (of sensing and knowing) of that part of the brain called the cerebral cortex.

Now what is meant by *state* or condition? What is motion? It is not anything that can be put into or taken from a body, though a body can be set *in motion*, which is the state or condition of any body whose position is changing, as our remote ancestors must have noticed when they became "brainy" enough to have the idea of time. Heat was for many years supposed to be a "substance," and it is still spoken of as if it were, even by teachers when explaining that it is not a thing, but only a mode of motion of a body's molecular constituents. Temperature is not heat; velocity is not motion; and cleverness is not Mind—which is the state of one portion of a living body. "Full of life" and "he gave his life"' are *façons de parler*, which may cause confusion of thought. When a body is dead, we should say so. "He died" is more to the point than "he lost his life"—as if it were a top-coat or umbrella, for the return of which there would be no use in advertising.

The writer's object is to encourage thought and to assist others to get at the truth, or to draw sane conclusions about interesting questions which will repay investigation, though they have been complicated by unnecessary assumptions as to the "nature of things" ever since the days of mad Lucretius, who came very near to realising that Life and Mind are really states. Had this been taken into account by the learned author of an article, "Probability of Survival," in the current issue of the *Hibbert Journal*, he would

have stated his views differently on page 578, line 13, *et seq.*:—

"I should therefore be inclined to say that, although the results of science do not give us the slightest possible reason for believing in survival, yet they do not offer any positive reason against it. For the scientific view either involves the sheer miracle of the creation of *a new kind of substance* by matter alone, or it has to be supplemented by *a hypothesis* which makes survival perfectly possible." (The italics are not in the original.)

The scientific view, of course, involves nothing of the sort. A fresh *state* has occurred.

Books

ECONOMICS.

WAR-TIME FINANCIAL PROBLEMS. By HARTLEY WITHERS. (J. Murray.) 6*s.* net.

IF useful, generally speaking, for the public, this collection of articles cannot be said to be constructive financially, nor would its author claim to have put forward any solution. The truth is, Mr. Hartley Withers knows—but he does not speak, and so we have analysis, not a contribution. And the standpoint is prejudiced. Thus the author guardedly pronounces against a levy on capital; he fences with the problem, which, of course, he is aware is practically the only alternative to staggering taxation, which would be found intolerable. It is a real pity that a man of such knowledge should at this juncture play with our vital question, instead of bravely seeking to solve it. And so he leaves us as we were. Let us hope he will read Mr. J. A. Hobson's new book and deal seriously with a matter which cannot be wangled, cannot for much longer be burked, must, in fact, be faced by the country as a national policy, in the framing of which he should play a constructive part.

FICTION.

SONIA REMARRIED. By STEPHEN MCKENNA. (Hutchinson.) 6*s.* 9*d.* net.

O'RANE was a wonderful character in Mr. McKenna's first edition of *Sonia*, but in the continuation the interest is focused on the wife. She has a pretty bad time with her blind husband, who, it must be admitted, is a pretty uncomfortable bed-fellow, what with his ideals and peculiar fancies; and so Sonia plays the part of the

"misunderstood" woman, though whether on Dr. Stopes's lines or otherwise we do not gather. Anyway, counter-attractions appear (1) in a pacifist reformer; (2) in a tough M.P. with a future, and the conjuncture leads to a first-class fight, which really is thrilling. Chairs, lamps, sticks, books, all are used. A real knock-out struggle which would delight the Kaiser. The man O'Rane somewhat stresses our tolerance. He has become a bore. Sonia is deftly portrayed, and remains sympathetic, but the fight is the thing, and if the war had only been chronicled with the detail and imaginativeness displayed in this set-to, Gosh! it would have been popular.

POLITICAL.

PEACE-MAKING AT PARIS. By SISLEY HUDDLESTON. (Fisher Unwin.) 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

IF quite unambitious, and, indeed, little more than a pleasing narrative of events at Paris, Mr. Huddleston's compilation gives a terrible picture of the men who warred over peace and finally failed. The public should certainly read this simple account. He gives cameo portraits of the "big" four, and shows us Mr. Wilson, the intellectual, tired and resigned the moment he had spoken his beautiful words; M. Clemenceau, watchful and relentless; Mr. Lloyd George, the bandmaster, playing at intermediary. Then we have Mr. Balfour, who found a tennis court; Mr. Barnes anxiously trying to find a jeweller's shop to buy a keepsake; Mr. Churchill flying over to smash the Prinkipo idea, etc., etc., and the long, dismal story of little men all fighting for points, with the lone figure of the President defeated point by point; worse than the Holy Alliance, far more incompetent, far less principled, in the grip of the neurasthenia of revenge. They never seemed to study any question deeply, remarks the author quaintly. With that we can leave them. All their work will have to be undone by real men later on. In the meanwhile this book is an eye-opener.

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